

THE LIVING AGE.

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NEW BOOKS.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS. Selected and Edited by Francis James Child. 8 vols. Little, Brown, & Co., Boston.

The favorable review of this collection, which we lately copied from the *Athenæum*, induced us to procure a copy from the publishers. It is a part of their general collection of the British Poets, and printed in the same handsome style. This compilation is more comprehensive in its plan than any of its kind which has hitherto appeared. It includes nearly all that is known to be left to us of the ancient ballads of England and Scotland, with a liberal selection of those which are of later date. Of traditional ballads preserved in a variety of forms, all the important versions are given, and no genuine relic of olden minstrelsy, however mutilated or debased in its descent to our times, has on that account been excluded, if it was thought to be of value to the student of popular fiction.

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KING SOLOMON.*

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

KING SOLOMON stood in his crown of gold,
Between the pillars, before the altar,
In the House of the Lord. And the king was
old,

And his strength began to falter,
So that he leaned on his ebony staff,
Seal'd with the seal of the Pentagraph.

All of the golden fretted work,
Without and within so rich and rare,
As high as the nest of the building stork,
Those pillars of cedars were :—
Wrought up to the brazen chapters
Of the Sidonian artificers.

And the king stood still as a carven king,
The carven cedarn beams below,
In his purple robe, with his signet ring,
And his beard as white as snow,
And his face to the Oracle, where the hymn
Dies under the wing of the Cherubim.

The wings fold over the Oracle,
And cover the heart and eyes of God :
The Spouse with pomegranate, lily, and bell,
Is glorious in her abode ;
For with gold of Ophir, and scent of myrrh,
And purple of Tyre, the king cloth'd her.

By the soul of each slumbrous instrument
Drawn soft thro' the musical misty air,
The stream of the folk that came and went,
For worship and praise and prayer,
Flow'd to and fro, and up and down,
And round the king in his golden crown.

And it came to pass, as the king stood there,
And look'd on the house he had built, with
pride.
That the Hand of the Lord came unaware,
And touch'd him ; so that he died,
In his purple robe, with his signet ring,
And the crown wherewith they had crowned
him king.

And th, stream of the folk that came and went
To worship the Lord with prayer and praise,
Went softly ever in wonderment,
For the King stood there always ;
And it was solemn and strange to behold
That dead king crown'd with a crown of gold.

For he lean'd on his ebony staff upright ;
And over his shoulders the purple robe ;
And his hair, and his beard, were both snow-
white,

And the fear of him fill'd the globe ;
So that none dared touch him, though he was
dead,
He look'd so royal about the head.

* My knowledge of the Rabbinical legend which suggested this poem is one among the many debts I owe to my friend Robert Browning. I hope these lines may remind him of hours which his society rendered precious and delightful to me, and which are among the most pleasant memories of my life.

And the moons were changed ; and the years
roll'd on :
And the new king reign'd in the old king's
stead :

And men were married and buried anon :
But the king stood, stark and dead ;
Leaning upright on his ebony staff :
Preserved by the sign of the Pentagraph.

And the stream of life, as it went and came,
Ever for worship and praise and prayer,
Was awed by the face and the fear and the fame
Of the dead king standing there ;
For his hair was so white, and his eyes so cold,
That they left him alone with his crown of gold.

So King Solomon stood up, dead, in the House
Of the Lord, held there by the Pentagraph,
Until out from the pillar there ran a red mouse,
And gnaw'd thro' his ebony staff :
Then, flat on his face, the king fell down :
And they pick'd from the dust a golden crown.
—*Evening Transcript.*

INFALLIBILITY'S FOUR REASONS.

"His Holiness is said to have assigned four reasons for refusing to become President of the proposed Italian Confederation."—*L'Univers.*

"COME, Pope, my dear Pope," says good Emperor Nap,

"Make one on this joyful occasion ;
I've got a new crown for your three-storied cap,
Be Head of our Con-fed-e-ra-tion.

A favor like this, for the sake of a peace,
I'm sure that you will not deny us ;
'Twill give the old Papacy's life a new lease."
"I'm blowed if I will," says Pope Pius.

"Oh, don't talk like that, Holy Daddy," says N.,
"Remember my aid and my succor ;
I saved your crown once, and may do so again,
Next time you get into a pucker.
If you'll be the Head of the Union, you see,
You'll give it a Catholic bias,
That's doing what's right by the Church and
Saint P."

"I'm hanged if I will," says Pope Pius.

"But why?" says L. N., "if a layman might
ask ;

And what is your little objection ?
I need not remind you there's work in the task
To keep down your flock's disaffection.
And if you came out as a friend of the free
(You've power both to bind and untie us),
You'd make things more pleasant for you and
the See."

"I'm dashed if I will," says Pope Pius.

Says Napoleon (*aside*), "The old pig is a fool,
I wish it were lawful to curse him,
He's got no more sense than his own Holy Mule,
I've a precious good mind to coerce him.
Then (*aloud*) Holy Father, I pray on my knees,
That with more condescension you'll eye Us—
Come, head the Confederacy, do. If you
please ?"

"I'm d-Blessed if I will," says Pope Pius.

—*Punch.*

From The Critic.

A CHESS PHENOMENON.

Paul Morphy, the Chess Champion: an Account of his Career in America and Europe. With a History of Chess and Chess Clubs, and Anecdotes of Famous Players. By an Englishman. London: William Lacy. 1859. Pp. 186.

ONE capital object of ambition with our Trans-Atlantic cousins appears to be the conquest of "the Britishers" in all matters, great or small. Ever since Bunker's Hill this has been so; and as it is nearly certain that an Anglo-Saxon *must* accomplish whatever it sets its mind upon doing, it is scarcely to be wondered at that these efforts have been crowned with no inconsiderable modicum of success so far as several somewhat trifling matters are concerned. Mr. Hobbs has beaten us in lock-making, and Colonel Colt in the manufacture of revolvers; high-trotting horses from the States have trotted ours clean off their legs, and yachts built upon American lines have carried away the cups at Cowes; the great American heart appears, however, to have filled and brimmed over with honest pride, the national crow rose to its shrillest note and gratified vanity reached the *ne plus ultra* of exultation, when "little Morphy," from New Orleans, a lad who has only just turned twenty-two years of age, came, fought, and fairly beat on their own ground, all the greatest professors, not only in England but in Europe, of the noble game of chess.

The mental phenomenon presented by this extraordinary young man is so very remarkable and astonishing, that we offer no apology for recapitulating the leading facts of his brief but eventful life. Paul Morphy was born at New Orleans, in June, 1837. His father, a lawyer, and judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, was fond of chess, and taught it to his son at a very early age. His natural aptitude proved to be very great, and his assiduity in cultivating it enormous. When he was twelve years of age he played Herr Löwenthal (a European player of the first strength, who happened to be visiting the Crescent City), and the result was that the veteran and world-famous player lost two games and drew one in contending with this little lad. From that time forth the name of Paul Morphy was noised abroad in the chess circles of America with great commendation; few were to be found bold enough to cope with him, and

when they did so it was to meet with unvaried defeat. At length, the good people of New York becoming somewhat excited about the matter, a chess congress was organized, open to all the players in the States. This was held in October, 1857, and young Morphy attended, carrying every thing before him, none being able to stand before the terrible force of his combinations and the wondrous skill and foresight of his designs. After this specimen of Mr. Morphy's powers, his fellow-countrymen began to entertain the highest hopes that he would prove victorious over all the chess champions of the Old World. Of course it was not long before the noise of these doings reached even to Ries' Divan in the Strand. That (as the author of this volume very properly says) is the Medina of chess, as the Café de la Régence is the Mecca, and thither all the votaries of Caissa are wont to repair when they wish to measure their strength against the greatest players of the day. The fuss made about the young American by his fellow-countrymen was naturally received with much incredulity. "He may be all very well," said these paladins of the game, "and in time may make a strong player; but consider how young he is. To play a good game requires the study of years, and this is but a lad. It is all very well to beat his opponents at New York: let him come here and he will surely find his level." This and similar talk was heard in the divan before Morphy made his appearance there—which he did in August, 1858. As with the players of New York, even so with the magnates of the Strand; one after another was by young Morphy toppled from his high eminence, and each had to confess that, although Chess might be a science requiring time to learn it in, some minds may learn in a short time what others would take years to acquire.

It was during this first visit to England that we had the pleasure of seeing the young phenomenon playing in the Chess Divan. The space around the table was thickly thronged with admiring spectators; but we were fortunate enough to secure a place immediately behind the young American. His opponent was one of the strongest of our English players—probably the very strongest now in the field—Mr. Boden. Mr. Morphy's appearance during this struggle was exceedingly curious. His slight, even boyish frame, his puny little limbs, small face (scarcely re-

deemed by the high and massive brow which towered above it), the almost infantine expression of his features, rendered it difficult of belief that this was the great mental phenomenon of whom all were talking and at whom all were marvelling. His attitude was one of remarkable modesty, evidently quite unaffected; not a sparkle of triumph in his eye; not a flash of half-concealed exultation on his cheek; nothing but a perfectly motionless and inscrutable impassibility, a gazing calmly and steadfastly onwards to the end in view, as if with a fixed determination to attain that end, and an utter disregard for any small triumph of conquest for doing what he was irresistibly compelled to do. And as he looked, so he was, invincible. Game after game was won with a precision truly marvellous, and that not so much by what is called steady play, as by a series of brilliant combinations, depending upon calculations involving sometimes many moves, and followed out with an inexorable certainty that must have been as terrible to his opponent as it was admirable to all the bystanders. We were subsequently informed that Mr. Morphy played and won eleven games from this and other antagonists during that day, and that after returning to his lodgings at night, he recapitulated from memory every game, pointing out the variations to a friend, and demonstrating the critical positions at which each was won or lost. This is a very remarkable example not only of the power of his play, but also of his almost superhuman memory, and the editor of the volume before us supplies us with another instance not a whit less extraordinary. After performing in Paris the tremendous feat of playing eight games simultaneously without seeing the board:—

“Next morning, Morphy actually awakened me at seven o'clock, and told me if I would get up he would dictate to me the moves of yesterday's games. I never saw him in better spirits or less fatigued than on that occasion, as he showed me, for two long hours, the hundreds of variations depending on the play of the previous day, with such rapidity that I found it hard work to follow the thread of his combinations.”

Another example of his astonishing powers of memory will also bear quotation:—

“When I brought him the news that Anderssen had left Breslau, Herr Mayet having written me to that effect, Morphy said to me, ‘I have a positive chess fever coming over

me. Give me the board and pieces, and I'll show you some of Anderssen's games.’ And with his astounding memory, he gave me battle after battle with different adversaries, variations and all. How he dilated on a certain game between him and Dufresne, in which, though under the mate, he first of all sacrifices his queen, and after seven or eight moves forces his opponent to resign. ‘There,’ said Morphy, ‘that shows the master.’ What wonderment he has caused with his omnipotent memory! I have seen him sit for hours at the Divan and the Régence, playing over, not merely his own battles, but the contests of others, till the spectators could scarcely believe their senses. It will be remembered by many of my readers, that when Mr. Staunton published the eight blindfold games played at Birmingham, he omitted some twenty or thirty of the concluding moves in the game with the Rev. Mr. Salmon. When we had been two months in Paris, Herr Löwenthal wrote me to request that I would forward him the remaining moves, as there was a desire to have the *partie* complete. It was nearly midnight, and Morphy had gone into his bedroom after dictating me some games played during the day, and mindful of Herr L.'s request, I called to him, asking whether he was coming back, when he replied that he was already in bed. I said I should be obliged if he would let me bring him a board and light, in order that he might dictate me the required moves, when he answered, ‘There's no necessity for that: read me over what Staunton published, and I'll give you the remainder.’ He called over the omitted moves as fast as I could write them down.”

Feats such as these are so manifestly beyond the reach of ordinary faculties that we are forced to believe in an organization altogether different from that which is bestowed upon other men.

It is not our purpose to follow Mr. Morphy through all his adventures in London and in Paris. To all who feel interested in chess matters they are thoroughly well known, and there can be no need to recapitulate them here. Suffice it to say that he was victorious over every one who opposed him. All our own magnates (with the solitary exception of Mr. Staunton, who refused to play him after promising to do so, and who behaved in a manner to which, for very shame, we do not care further to allude) fell one by one before his lance. On the Continent it was the same; Harrwitz, Saint-Amant, even the great Anderssen himself, could make no stand against the marvellous lad. To the credit of human

nature be it said, most of these gentlemen frankly and fairly acknowledged the superiority to which they were forced to succumb. Mr. Staunton and Herr Harrwitz were the only exceptions; for whilst the former attempted to depreciate the antagonist whom he declined to fight with, the conduct of the latter during the match which he lost to Mr. Morphy disgusted even his own backers. With others, however, it was far different. M. Saint Amant, crowning him the chief of chess-players, exclaimed, "Voilà! le maître de nous tous." Anderssen, whom he had deprived of his acknowledged supremacy, said, "Mr. Morphy always plays, not merely the best, but the *very* best move; and if we play the move only approximately correct, we are sure to lose. Nobody can hope to gain more than a game, now and then, from him." And again, this great master of chess said of his conqueror, "It impossible to play chess better than Mr. Morphy; if there be any difference in strength between him and Labourdonnais, it is in his favor." Another great player, after trying him, said, "It is of no use; it is uncertainty struggling against certainty."

To give some idea of what this phenomenal brain is capable of accomplishing, we quote from this little volume the account of the wonderful feat of playing eight games at once without seeing the board, which Morphy performed at the Café de la Régence during his visit to Paris:—

"The blindfold struggle was publicly announced to commence at noon; but, at an early hour, the crowd was already considerable. The billiard-tables in the further room were sacrificed to the exigencies of the occasion. I requested the waiters to put a thick cord round them, so as to rail off a space for Morphy; and a large easy chair placed in the *enceinte* made the whole arrangements as comfortable for him as could be wished. He, however, was not up to the mark as regards bodily health. Morphy is a water drinker, and Paris water would cure any Maine Liqueur Law bigot of teetotalism in a week. Since the outset of the match with Herr Harrwitz he had been ailing, but he preferred playing to making excuses. His own expression was, 'Je ne suis pas homme aux excuses' (I am no man to make excuses), and he was always ready for Harrwitz, although obliged to ride to the *café*. Nothing proves so satisfactorily to me Morphy's wondrous powers in chess as his contests in France, laboring, as he constantly did, under positive bodily suffering. A man's brain will often be more than ordina-

rily active and clear when the body is weak from late illness; but it is not so when there is pain existing. At breakfast, on the morning fixed for this blindfold exhibition, he said to me, 'I don't know how I shall get through my work to-day; I am afraid I shall be obliged to leave the room, and some evil-minded persons may think I am examining positions outside.' Yet, in spite of this, he sits down, and during ten long hours creates combinations which have never been surpassed on the chess-board, although his opponents were men of recognized strength, and, as a collective body, pawn and two moves stronger than the Birmingham eight. The boards for Morphy's antagonists were arranged in the principal room of the *café*, numbered as follows:—

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1. Baucher | 5. Lequesne |
| 2. Bierwirth | 6. Potier |
| 3. Bournemann | 7. Prédi |
| 4. Guibert | 8. Séguin. |

Nearly all these gentlemen are well-known in contemporaneous chess, and formed such a phalanx that many persons asked whether Morphy knew whom he was going to play against. Monsieur Arnoux de Rivière called the moves for the first four, and Monsieur Journoud for the others; and, all being prepared, Morphy began as usual with 'pawn to king's fourth on all the boards.' Things went on swimmingly and amusingly. It was as good as a volume of *Punch* or the *Charivari* to hear the remarks made by the excited spectators, more especially when the 'openings' were passed and the science of the combatants came out in the middle of the game. There was the huge 'Père Morel,' hands in his pockets, blowing clouds from an immense pipe like smoke from Vesuvius, threading his way between the boards, and actually getting fierce when anybody asked him what he thought of it. Seeing him seated at the end of the room towards evening, and looking as though dumbfounded at the performance, I said to him, 'Well, Mr. Morel, do you believe now that Morphy can play against eight such antagonists?' He looked at me in an imploring manner, and replied, 'Oh, don't talk to me; Mr. Morphy makes my head ache.' It is related of Pitt that, making a speech in Parliament on a certain occasion, whilst under the influence of sundry bottles of port, the door-keeper of the House of Commons declared that the son of the great Chatham made his head ache, so violent was his language and so loud his tone. This coming to Pitt's ears, he said, 'Nothing could be better; I drink the wine, and the door-keeper gets the headache.' Monsieur Potier rises from his table to show on another board how Morphy had actually seen seven moves in advance; Signor Prédi gets quite nervous and agitated

as our hero puts shot after shot into his bull's-eye; and I had much difficulty in assuring him that no absolute necessity existed for his playing on until Morphy mated him, but, that, when he found that his game was irretrievably lost, he would be justified in resigning. Monsieur Baucher was the first to give in, although one of the very strongest of the contestants; Morphy's combinations against this gentleman were so astonishing, and the *finale* so brilliant, that Mr. Walker declared in *Bell's Life*, 'this game is worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold on the walls of the London club.' Bournemann and Pr ti soon followed, and then Potier and Bierwirth; Messrs. Lequesne and Guibert effecting drawn battles. Monsieur S guin alone was left. It was but natural that he should be the last, as he was the strongest of the eight combatants, and, truth to tell, he did not believe it possible for any one to beat him without seeing the board; but this Morphy finally effected in some beautiful pawn play, which would have tickled Philidor himself. Forthwith commenced such a scene as I scarcely hope again to witness. Morphy stepped from the arm-chair in which he had been almost immovable for ten consecutive hours, without having tasted a morsel of any thing, even water, during the whole of the period; yet as fresh apparently as when he sat down. The English and Americans, of whom there were scores present, set up stentorian Anglo-Saxon cheers, and the French joined in as the whole crowd made a simultaneous rush at our hero. The waiters of the *caf * had formed a conspiracy to carry Morphy in triumph on their shoulders, but the multitude was so compact they could not get near him, and finally had to abandon the attempt. Great bearded fellows grasped his hands, and almost shook his arms out of the sockets, and it was nearly half an hour before we could get out of the *caf *. A well-known citizen of New York, Thomas Bryan, Esq., got on one side of him, and M. de Riv re on the other, and 'La P re Morel,' body and soul for our hero, fought a passage through the crowd by main strength, and we finally got into the street."

It was perhaps, after all, only natural that when the young hero returned to America his countrymen should indulge in a few of those exaggerated demonstrations of enthusiasm with which they delight to honor those whom they deem worthy of popular applause. Splendid testimonials were offered to the invincible Achilles of Chess. New York had a set of chess-men, of gold and silver and precious stones, valued at no one knows how many hundreds of dollars. Mr. Van Buren delivered a long oration upon the presentation of

the same. The American Watch Company (combining patriotism with business) had a watch for him, of which all the figures were in the likeness of pawns and pieces. Boston gave him a dinner, and on that occasion Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and one of the cleverest men among American *literati*, spoke to Bunkum in a most remarkable manner. He said that they were there to "do honor to their young friend who had honored them, and all who glory in the name of Americans, as the hero of a long series of bloodless battles, won for our common country. Through these lips of ours (continued the Doctor) there flows the warm breath of that true American feeling which makes us all one in the moment of every great triumph achieved by a child of the Great Republic." After this Dr. Holmes proceeded to take a general view of American superiority, glancing rapidly, but with no small self-complacence, at the Revolutionary War and the achievements of Mr. Rarey and Mr. Hobbs; concluding with an outburst which is far too good to be repeated in a mutilated form:—

"The thoughtful mothers of America would have cried out against us with one voice if we had sent this immature youth, his frame not yet knit together in perfect manhood, to task his growing brain in those tremendous conflicts which made the huge P re Morel, the veteran of the Caf  de la R gence, strike his broad forehead and beg to be released from the very thought of following the frightful complexity of their bewildering combinations. No! the men, with their ambition and proud confidence in his strength, might have been willing to send him; but the women, with their tender love as mothers and sisters and well-wishers, would have said, 'He shall not go!' He went. It was not we that sent him—it was Honor! And when we meet to welcome his triumphant return, we know what his victories mean. We have had one more squeeze at the great dynamometer which measures the strength of the strongest of the race. There it lies in the central capital of Europe. The boy has squeezed it, and it is not now the index that moves, but the very springs that are broken! The test is as true a one of cerebral powers as if a hundred thousand men lay dead upon the field where the question was decided—as if a score of line-of-battle ships were swinging, blackened wrecks, upon the water, after a game between two mighty admirals. Where there is a given maximum there is always a corresponding average; and there is not one of us who does not think better of the head he carries on his

own shoulders, since he finds what a battery it is that lies beneath the smooth forehead of this young brother American. As I stretch my hand above his youthful brow, it seems to me that I bear in it the welcome, not of a town or a province, but of a whole people. One smile, one glow of pride and pleasure runs over all the land, from the shore which the sun first greets to that which looks upon the ocean where he lets fall the blazing clasp of his dissolving girdle—from the realm of our Northern sister who looks down from her throne upon the unmelted snows of Katahdin, to hers of the broad river and the still bayou who sits fanning herself among the full-blown roses, and listening to the praises of her child as they come wafted to her on every perfumed breeze. I propose the health of Paul Morphy, the world's chess champion.—His peaceful battles have helped to achieve a new revolution; his youthful triumphs have added a new clause to the Declaration of American Independence."

What wonder if after this the audience, amid "the most enthusiastic applause," indulged in nine times nine for Mr. Morphy, and that the band played "Hail, Columbia!" upon the spot?

In conclusion we would observe that the chess career of Mr. Morphy points a moral which may be profitably pondered over; it proves in a very remarkable manner how possible it is for nature, by extraordinary gifts, to supply all the requirements of art. Perhaps, of all the pursuits upon which the human mind could employ itself, there are few that seem to demand more pains and time for the acquirement of perfection than this very game of chess. It has hitherto been held to be impossible for any one to acquire excellence in that game without many long years of study and careful application. Mr. Morphy proves that to this rule there may be exceptions,* and that it is possible for an exceptional intellect to master in a comparatively short time that which most people take so

long to acquire. Whilst he was in England, it was very much the fashion for people to say that this young man knew nor cared for aught but his favorite game, and anecdotes were told to prove that this pursuit had so absorbed all the faculties of his mind that he had neither interest or time to think of any thing else. We believe this to be utterly untrue. The author of the volume before us asserts that there are times when Mr. Morphy takes a positive distaste for chess; that he is passionately fond of music and theatrical entertainments; and that when he was in Paris the complaint against him was that he seemed to care less for chess than any thing else, and that he too often preferred a late carouse and a little jolly-good-fellowship to going to bed early in order to be ready for the battles of the Café de la Régence. And we believe this. In the extremely modest speech—a speech in perfect accordance with his whole career in Europe, where he won as much respect for his modesty as he did admiration for his genius—in reply to Dr. Holmes' piece of post-prandial rhodomontade, Mr. Morphy said:—

"You have spoken, sir, of the game of chess. I took occasion in New York to express my views on that subject, and will not weary and detain you by repeating them here. I would only say once more that chess can never form the object of life. It is at best a relaxation from more serious pursuits. As such, and as a discipline for the mind, I believe it to be worthy of all commendation.

These are very self-denying words from a young man who, at such an early age, has acquired a supremacy over all opponents; and they give us good hope that this chess-faculty of Mr. Morphy is not merely an intellectual monstrosity, but that he will live to play the more serious and important game of life as wisely and as skilfully as he has the noble and ancient game of chess.

THE *Observateur Catholique*, the organ of the Gallican party in the French church, has been, for the second time, placed in the *Index*,—a distinction spoken of in a recent number of that periodical as *cette mention honorable de la cour de Rome*. It certainly is not to be wondered at that a place in the *Index* is gained by the publication

of such sentiments as this:—"We say boldly that the Court of Rome and the Catholic Clergy were, by means of their vices and their opposition to reasonable reforms, the chief cause of the Revolution against the Church, which broke out in the sixteenth century."

From The Literary Record.

R. WALDO EMERSON ON READING.

HINTS TO STUDENTS.

[ONE of the best lectures delivered by Ralph Waldo Emerson when he visited this country about twelve years since was on "Reading;" but it so happens that this lecture, good as it was, attracted less attention than several others from the same source. We think that our readers will not be unthankful if we give them the substance of the great American's thoughts, experience, and comments on this subject in our first number. To students, in particular, the following observations are invaluable. They are taken from a report which appeared in the *Nottingham Review* of the time.]

It is easy (said Mr. Emerson) to accuse good books, and bad ones are easily found; and the best books are but records, and not things recorded; they are neutral and do nothing for us; they work no redemption in us. But it is not the less true that there are books we buy at sight, at any cost; they take rank with parents and friends; they are medicinal and nutritive. In the smallest well-chosen library is a select knowledge of what the wisest men of all countries, during one or two thousand years, have set down as the result of their learning and reason. College education is the reading of certain books which the common consent of all scholars agree will represent the science that is already accumulated. Then there is a sweetness of reading which has more luxury than all the fine arts, and is the natural antidote to the seductions of animal pleasure. But the colleges, while they provide us libraries, furnish no professor of books; and no one is so much wanted. In a library we are surrounded by so many dear friends, but imprisoned by an enchanter in paper and leathern boxes, and, though they know us, and have been waiting a century for us, some of them to unbosom their souls to us, it is the law of their limbo that they must not speak till they are spoken to. In this lottery, moreover, are at least fifty or one hundred blanks to one prize. A charitable soul would do a right act in just naming a few of the bridges and ships that had carried him over the dark morass of doubt and difficulty. Even private readers would serve us by leaving each the shortest notes of what he finds. Probably there may be a million books in the world; it is easy to

count the number of pages a diligent man may read in a day, and if he read many hours a day for sixty years, he must still die in the first alcoves. But nothing is more deceptive than this arithmetic. I visit occasionally the library of Harvard University, and I seldom go there without the conviction that the best of it all is within my study at home; for the inspection of the books brings me back to the few standard works in all private libraries. The rest are commentaries, elucidations, repeaters, and awakers of these few great voices. Let a man read that which he loves, and not waste his memory over a crowd of mediocrities. Whole nations have derived their culture from a single book. As the Bible has been the literature as well as the religion of a large portion of Europe; as Hafiz was reckoned the single genius of the Persians, Confucius of the Chinese, and the Cid of the Spaniards, so, perhaps, the human mind would be a gainer, if all the inferior works were lost, so that we should be left to the profounder study of the greatest minds. With this light of his own genius, let the student read one book or many, he will read to advantage. Then there is always a selection going on; and a selection from the selection. Ten years hence, out of a million of printed pages, perhaps one may be reprinted; and what terrific winnowing before any thing can be reprinted after twenty years! It is as if Minos and Rhadamanthus, seraphim and cherubim, endorsed the writing. It is, therefore, economy of time to read mainly tried and famed books. Thus Kepler, Bacon, Erasmus, More, will be superior to the average intellect. In contemporaries it is not easy to distinguish between notoriety and fame. But let the student shun the everlasting spawn of the press on the gossip and garbage of the hour. If you transfer your reading, day by day, from such to the Taylors, Humes, and Clarendons, how many months would suffice to the examination of all the great British epochs. I would propose to the young student three practical rules. First, never read any book that is not a year old. Second, never any but famed books. Third, never any but what you like. There are some books vital and spermatie—not leaving the reader what he was, but a richer man: I would not read any other. Of the old Greek books, five cannot be spared. Homer, who has really the true fire; Herodotus, whose history is full

of inestimable anecdotes; Æschylus, who gives us in a thin veil the record of the thought of Europe; Plato, in whom you may read all that in thought modern Europe has realized, and has yet to realize; even Romanism and Calvinism are there; nothing escapes him; all the suggestions of modern humanity, political economy—all are there. If you wish to see both sides; to find justice done to the man of the world, and to the sentiments of truth and religion, read Plato. Why should not young men be educated on this book? It would suffice for the tuition of the race; there need no other book to educate their understanding, or to express their reason; and these are only a part of his merits. There are pictures of the best persons, sentiments, and manners by the first master, in the first times of the world. I should particularly specify of the dialogues—those named Phædo, Protagoras, Phædrus, Timæus; the Republic, and the Apology of Socrates; all of which may be read in a short space of time. Plutarch could not be spared from the smallest library; his Cimon, Lysurgus, Phocion, are what history has of the best. His "Morals" is a less known book than the "Lives," seldom reprinted, yet the reader to whom I speak cannot afford to do without it, especially the Essay on Socrates, on the delays of divine justice on Isis and Osiris, on progress in virtue, and of love. An inimitable trio of pictures of the ancient social systems are the three banquets of Plato, Xenophon, and Plutarch. A certain outline of Greek history should be obtained, on which important memories of events and persons could be rightly set down: the shortest is the best, and for general purposes, the popular works of Goldsmith and Gillies will suffice. The valuable part is the age of Pericles, and the next generation; and here he should read "The Clouds" of Aristophanes, now accessible in English through the labors of Mitchell and Cartwright.

The sincere Greek history of the time may be got from the works of Demosthenes (especially his business orations), and from the comic poets. Descending from Plato to his disciples, we have, at the distance of six or seven centuries, the Platonists—Plotinus, Porphyrius, Synesius, Jamblichus, etc. The imaginative scholar will find few stimulants to his brain like the Alexandrian Platonists. Jamblichus' life of Pythagoras works on the

will more than the others, for Pythagoras was eminently practical; the founder of a school of ascetics and socialists, a planter of colonies, and by no means merely a man of abstract floyer Sydenham's translation (of seven books of Plato) is the best as far as it goes; but the largest part is translated by Thomas Taylor, the English Platonist. I read all these books in the best translation I can get; for I believe that what is best in a book is always translatable. There is, unhappily, great choice to bring the student through the history of early Rome. If he can read Livy, he has a good book; but one of the shortest is best, to bring him to the bright stars of Plutarch, and so on to Gibbon, who will convey him with abundant entertainment down through one thousand four hundred years; and his autobiography will spur the laziest scholar to emulation. Having brought the reader to the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, trusty hands are waiting for him. The great light of Dante will open to him the Italian republics, and the religion of the middle ages. Of the church and the feudal institutions, Hallam's Middle Ages will furnish, if superficial, yet a readable outline, to the earlier era; and the life of Charles V. and his contemporaries is the eye of the following age. This is the period (and this gives great value to the excellent history of Robertson) of Cardinal Ximenes, Columbus, Loyola, Luther, Erasmus, Melancthon, Zwingli, and Calvin; of Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth, and of Henry the Fourth of France. So the careful student is well rewarded in the reading of this time of seeds and expansion, of which all our modern civilization is the fruit. If now the relations of England to European business bring him to British history, he has arrived at the period when modern English history begins with Elizabeth. If he would begin earlier, he should certainly commence with the younger Edda of Snorro Sturlesson, of which there is an excellent translation by Dasent. Sharon Turner's and Sir F. Palgrave's books will be easy guides in British antiquities, to the time of Alfred and lower. But in Elizabeth's era he is at the richest period of the English mind, of the greatest men of action and thought the nation has produced—Spenser and Shakspeare, Chapman, Ben Jonson, and the dramatists; Lord Bacon, Cowper, Taylor, Milton, Marvell, Cowley, Dryden, etc. The student should

steadily prefer the history of individuals. He will not repent the time given to Lord Bacon, even if he read all the "Advancement of Learning," "Essays," "Novum Organon," the "History of Henry VII.," and all his letters, indeed all but his apophthegms. All these writers shed a strong mutual light on each other. Thus the works of Ben Jonson are a sort of history to bind all these contemporaries together, and to the land to which they belong. These writers will bring the student down directly into the Puritan history, and to Milton, who absorbs (according to the usual chemistry of nature) all that is best of the period, of the masses and the leaders into himself. The civil history of that period is now at last completed, as far as Cromwell is concerned, in a way that leaves little to ask. Cromwell, who waited so long for justice, has at last got it, perhaps something more. Milton is central to that period, and the representative of the times. The student must by no means end his reading of this great composite genius with the longer poems; all the minor ones are equally, perhaps more, deserving of attention. Then the Essay on Education, the address to Samuel Hartley, give precisely that contemplated in this lecture—some account of a right and liberal course of reading. In the third book of "The History of the Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacie," the student will find an admirable autobiography of Milton. The Areopagitica, or address to Parliament on unlicensed printing, ought to be read once a year, if the student can find time. We have certainly no English prose so swift and potent to inspire a generous sentiment in a youth of generous nature, as Milton's prose works. In the following age I cannot omit Pope and Swift, though we can lose all the rest without great harm. Further down, Johnson and Burke are the two really valuable names—Johnson for his worth, learning, and a certain melancholy music in reporting what he thought the truth; and Burke for charming by the music of his wonderful rhetoric, saying what he had to say in ways so graceful and flowing, that he might defy all mankind to again utter what he had once articulated. Amongst the best books the student will seek are certain autobiographies, St. Augustine's Confessions, Montaigne's Essays, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Rousseau's Confessions, Gibbon's Autobiography, Hume's, and those of Franklin,

Alfieri, etc. Another class of books closely allied to these, are Table Talks—the Gulistan of Saadi; Luther's Table Talk, a book of wonderful merit, shedding almost all the light we need on the school of reformers about Luther; Spence's Anecdotes, Boswell's Johnson, the Table Talk of Coleridge, Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe; and amongst very recent books, Hazlitt's Life of James Northcote. Another class of books, to be reckoned rather as luxuries, are Froissart and Joinville's Chronicles, Sully's Memoirs of Henry the Fourth, Izaak Walton, Evelyn, Aubrey, Horace Walpole, and Charles Lamb—a list very easy to enlarge. Another large class, I should rather call vocabularies than ought else. Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy is like reading a dictionary. Cornelius Agrippa, on the vanity of arts and sciences, is another specimen of scribaciousness. Mythologies and romances may well be allowed for an imaginative being. We have fallen into a beggarly way of living; the imagination, the great awakening power, the materials creative of genius and of man, are not addressed. How can you hear children ask for a story, or for a novel, or the theatre, and not recognize the necessity of imagination to education? The moment our imagination is addressed we expand and grow. So much novel reading as now exists ought not to leave young men without effect. It stimulates the brain; they study noble behavior; and traits of the Scotch and French novels may be seen in the courtesy and brilliancy of our youth. Our novel reading is a passion for results; but, on the whole, it is a juggle: we are cheated into laughter and wonder, and we find it only confectionary, not the rising of new corn. But this passion for romance, and this disappointment, shows how much we need real elevation and an earnest poetry, which should lead us to find in the morning and in the night, in stars and mountains, the analogous of our own thoughts. We must cheer us with books of rich and believing men. All noble fables, every mythology, every biography out of a religious age, every passage of love, and even of philosophy and science, when they proceed from an intelligent integrity, and are not detached and critical, have in them the imaginative elements. The Greek fables, the Persian history as contained in Firdusi's epic poem of the Persian race; the younger Edda of Sturleson, the Chronicle of the Cid, the poem of

Dante, and his *Nuova Vita*; the English drama of Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher and Ford, and even the prose of Milton and Bacon; and in our time the odes of Wordsworth, and the poems of Goethe, have this richness, and leave us room for hope, and for generous attempts. I might as well not have begun, as leave out a class of books the best—the Bibles of the world, the sacred books of each nation. The ancient religious writings of the Persians, the *Zendavesta* of Zoroaster, the laws of Menu, and the *Veda*, the books of Vishnu of the Hindoos, and those of the Buddhists, the Chinese classics, the four books of Confucius and Mencius (or Meng-tse) of which a very good translation was published by a missionary, the Egyptian romance of Hermes Trismegistus, and the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures—all these books ought to be accessible to every thoughtful and generous mind. They contain the majestic expression of the universal consciousness of man, and are more to our daily purpose than this year's almanac, or this day's newspaper. But those books are for the closet, and to be read on the

knees. Comparing the number of good books with the shortness of life, many may be wisely read by proxy; and sincere young men might borrow a hint from the French Institute and British Association, which divide their body into sections for the examination of distinct branches of knowledge. Let each scholar associate himself with such as he can rely upon, and each undertake a single work or series for which he is prepared. In a knot of young men, one may study the *Roman de la Rose* and the *fabliaux* and songs of the troubadours, and give the result to his fellows; another may as honestly sift and report on the British mythology, the story of the Round Table, the histories of Brute and King Arthur, and on Welsh poetry; a third on the Saxon Chronicles, Robert of Malmesbury, etc.; a fourth on the ancient stage mysteries and the *Gesta Romanorum*. Each will give to the common stock his gold, after all the sand, stone, and mud is washed away; and the rest will decide whether it is a branch of knowledge indispensable to them also.

TRIPPING TIME.

TRIP, tired Briton, gaily trip, man,
To the forests and the moors;
Ship thyself on board a ship, man,
Take a trip to foreign shores.
If our own coast will not suit thee,
There to bask and have thy dip,
Let a foreign clime recruit thee;
To another land trip, trip.

Trip to Athens or to Rome, JOHN,
Trip to Cairo or Hong Kong;
Trip—to get away from home—JOHN,
Anywhere—trip up Mont Blanc.
Down Vesuvius his crater,
Lightly trip on tiptoe fleet,
And inside thereof a 'tatur
All hot bake with lava's heat.

Thereabouts, among the various
Things the natives have to show,
See the blood of Januarius,
Find out how they make it flow.
There's another burning mountain,
Burning in the midst of ice,
Boil your egg in Hecla's fountain;
You will find it—oh, so nice!

Trip to Berlin and Vienna,
Trip to Lisbon and Madrid;
Like a trip what rhubarb, senna,
Salts, the frame of ails will rid?
If both trip and physis needing,
Trip to Homburg; quaff its spring,
Where you may, if too unheeding,
Be cleaned out of every thing.

Trip, of course, you will to Paris,
On your way abroad or back,
Every British tourist tarries
There, in tripping on his track;
Tarries on his track in tripping,
In his pockets puts his hands,
And amid a people skipping,
Hopping, dancing round him, stands.

Home at length, before November,
Trip again, my noble Peer,
And mine honorable Member,
Back to British beef and beer;
With your spirits somewhat lighter,
And your pockets lighter still;
Bit by many a foreign biter
With proboscis—and with bill.

—Punch.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
FELICITA.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

"I THINK, if you please," said Felicia, slowly, "that I will prefer to go to my aunt."

"You shall do what you like," said her interlocutor, rudely, "we're English—we are; we don't constrain nobody. Go to your aunt, to be sure, and make a French marriage with whoever suits her. I promise you *she* won't give in to a foolish girl's will as we've done here."

"My aunt is not French," said the girl, with a little pride.

"Oh, no, only rather more so," said the irritated cockney. "Good morning, Miss Antini—I'm busy, thank you—don't hurry about your arrangements, I beg—but for me and my son, our time is not our own, you understand. We're hard-working people, and obliged to look after our business; so I am compelled to say good-day; but don't by any means let us hurry you."

Thus dismissed, Felicia Antini went her way, with feelings considerably mortified, and flushed cheeks. Her way was an extremely prosaic one; up three pair of stairs, in a narrow London house stuck on to a showy London shop, to a little bed-chamber which overlooked the chimneys. Here she had lived for three months, trying to be as cheerful as a new-made orphan could be, and making herself useful in the "establishment" of the only relative she knew any thing of—a cousin of her mother's; a life to which, in her dearth of friends, and the simplicity of her thoughts, she might very well have accustomed herself, had not the son and heir of the house fallen violently in love with his relative, and persecuted her with all the persevering attentions which were "the proper thing" in this young gentleman's sphere. It was so hard to persuade the complacent and well-to-do young cockney that her "no" was serious—that Felicia's life for some time back had been much unlike her name. Now the amazed resentment of her wooer and of his father, who had made up his mind to a magnanimous stretch of generosity in consenting to receive his poor cousin's daughter as his son's wife, and whom her refusal astounded beyond measure, had at last fixed the thoughts of the solitary girl on the only alternative which she could see remaining to her. Her education and former customs made it hard for her to

seek other employment of a similar kind—she had not courage. Here it was impossible to stay; and the only thing practicable seemed to be to accept her Italian aunt's invitation. But Felicia was at heart an English girl, with some prejudices and many likings. It was but slowly and with reluctance that she made up her mind to this necessity. She knew nothing in the world of her father's sister save what could be conveyed by the odd yet kind letter in which the invitation to his orphan came; and the long journey, the strange country, the life among strangers, alarmed Felicia. She felt little inclination to claim the offered kindness so long as shelter and daily bread could be found at home. Now, though the daily bread was in little danger, the shelter was no longer tenable, and Felicia's thoughts turned like shadows before her to her father's land.

Felicia Antini was the only child of an Italian, long resident in England, and his English wife. Her father had been a tolerably successful teacher of his own language, and had not left his wife and child unprotected; but after his death Mrs. Antini had fallen into bad health, which much impoverished their little provision. Felicia had still something when her mother, too, was gone; but she was lonely and homeless—a sorer evil than poverty—and was glad to accept the only protection of kindred which was near enough to be offered to her in her first solitude. Thus she only cried and smiled over the cranky characters and bad spelling of Madame Peruzzi's letter, which moved her by its Italian exuberance, even while her own English reserve shrank from a full response to its caressing expressions. Now she saw nothing else remaining to her, and took out once more her aunt's epistle to decipher its quaint lines, word by word, and to fancy herself, as far as that was possible, an Italian girl beneath Madame Peruzzi's matronly wing. Felicia's father had been one of those attenuated, long-visaged Italians with a chuckle always lurking in his hollow cheek, and a gleam of fire and malice in his eye, who never run into raptures of patriotism, and caress their native land rather by stinging proverbs of affectionate depreciation, than by positive praise; and as for Felicia's mother, that excellent and homely woman was distinguished by nothing so much as a fervent jealousy of every thing Italian, restrained in expression, but all the more earnest

in thought. Had Mrs. Antini known or suspected that the first-born baby daughter of whom she was so proud was to be the sole blossom of the family tree, nothing in the world would have induced her to yield the naming of her child to her husband, and forego the privilege of settling her nationality in her cradle. As it was, when the father added the caressing syllables of an Italian diminutive to the little girl's name, and called her Felicia, the English mother asserted her independence of all the laws of euphony by cutting short the pretty word into the Saxon abruptness of *Fellie*. Between these two the girl grew up more disposed to the mother's side than the father's, a steady little English-woman. If ever Felicia gave her mother a pang, it was when she sang with her father, exercising the voice which she derived from him, in music which was somewhat above Mrs. Antini's comprehension, though she could not well condemn it, or showed herself fluent in the tongue which the Italian's homely wife had never succeeded in acquiring. The good woman showed her annoyance only by a little bustle about the house, and pretence of indifference—a very little additional irritability of temper—moods which both husband and daughter fully understood, but which were not serious enough to make dispeace or discontent in the little household which, on the whole, was affectionate and happy. Then the Italian died, and was laid in English ground, and grew holy with all the sacred recollections which sanctify the dead; and Mrs. Antini subsided out of her housewifely bustle into the calm of widowhood, and then, as if her strength followed her active duties, into ill health and invalidism, and Felicia's care. That time was sad, but still happy; for the two women, who were alone in the world, were still together, and took comfort in their mutual affection as only mother and daughter can; and then came a sore blank, a heavier void, and henceforth no one reduced the sweet syllables of Felicia's name into that homely *Fellie*, which now would have been sweeter than any music to the orphan's ear.

All this passed through the girl's mind as she sat in her little London attic, among the smoke and the sparrows. She could not marry the young shopkeeper. It was no use trying to reconcile herself to the necessity—the thing was impossible; so there remained

to Felicia only her father's distant relatives, her unknown aunt, her paternal country, and the Italian which she already began to forget. After a time she began instinctively to gather her little property together, and prepare for her departure. The house she was leaving was not one to be much regretted; but when she took her little wardrobe out of the drawers, and knelt on the floor at her lonely packing, the occupation was sorrowful enough. She thought to herself—as it was so hard to get out of the habit of thinking—what would her mother say? and felt a pang of distress cross her mind at the idea of new habits and new associations, against which that mother's prejudices and antipathies would have been so much excited. The novelty at that moment did not strike Felicia pleasantly—she did not think of the delights of the journey, the change, of all there was to see, and the unknown events to be encountered, which, even because they are unknown, please the youthful fancy. She was going by herself and for herself, she who had been all her life one of a family—going from every thing she knew and was familiar with; so she packed up the black dresses with some few tears falling among them, and many sighs.

A very few days after this, having warned her aunt of her coming by a letter, Felicia set out with a sad heart. She was attended to the railway by a little group of the young women connected with her relative's "establishment," who had taken up Felicia's cause with warm *esprit de corps*, and who for various reasons (partly because she was tacitly understood to have rejected the young master of the place—an assertion of the female privilege which all women more or less enjoy; partly because of her relationship to their employer; partly for her lonely condition, and even a little for her foreign name and blood, and the undefined superiority which the possession of another language carried over her unlearned companions) admired and protected and copied Felicia. It was something to look back upon their faces as they walked up and down by the side of the train before it started, and ran after it to the very end of the railway platform, kissing their hands, waving their handkerchiefs, and wiping their eyes. They had to walk back all the way from London Bridge to Oxford Street, and I dare say did it with a very good heart, and talked of nothing else all day but how she

looked, poor dear, and what her perils on the journey might be. They were but silly creatures, most likely, with their little vanities and jealousies, but this forlorn young woman was glad of their sympathy; the bench of bishops could not have consoled her so well.

We will not dwell upon the details of Felicia's journey. A solitary girl in black, sitting back in the corner of a carriage, with a thick gauze veil over her face, is not a very unusual traveller anywhere, and is perhaps nowhere less interesting than on a tourist's route abroad, where one expects bright faces and lively interest. Making her way through France with a few words of French, and all the reserve yet self-dependence of an English girl, was hard enough work for Felicia. If she could have travelled night and day throughout, she might have done well enough; but the pause of a night was something from which the young traveller shrank with dread, and she would rather have slept on the steps of the railway or in any dark corner about, than have ventured to enter the terrible brightness of a hotel, and provide lodging and provision for herself, as she had to do at Paris and Marseilles. Then came the sea and she breathed freely; but up to that time Felicia saw very little of the way, ventured to enter into conversation with no one, and found little comfort, if it were not in the occasional gleam upon her of a kind old French face in a snow-white cap, which smiled a silent encouragement to her loneliness. The young people—the happy people—the travelling ladies in their English perfection of travelling-dresses, or the fine Frenchwomen who dazzled all the eyes which could see with the graces of a Parisian *toilette*, rather made the orphan shrink within herself; but there was still an old woman, here and there, to hearten her with that magic of kind looks, which, somehow, old women—much belied species of humanity—excel in when they will. When she had reached the panting steamboat which was to convey her to Italy, Felicia threw herself upon the hard sofa in the little cabin with a sigh of relief and comfort. No more peril of hotels and railway offices frightened her imagination—her troubles were almost over. She was ill, but she was safe; she had recovered the gift of speech, and could once more make herself understood. So, venturing to take pleasure in that blue, transparent sea, and wistfully gazing as “the old miraculous

mountains heaved in sight,” and the silence broke into all the noises of a port, and opaque boats danced upon the water which beneath them seemed made of sunshine, our lonely young traveller approached to her father's country. Later when the evening fell, after great trials by means of the custom-house, Felicia reached Florence. She had been less than a week on the way, and when the city of Dante burst upon her in the evening sunshine, among its circle of hills, she could scarcely realize to herself the fact of being so far away from that familiar country which she fondly called “home;” then of having no home anywhere in the world; and then, that what claim to home she had was here. Home! there was not even such a word in the language which henceforth was to be her language; henceforward her dearest retirement could be only *in casa* (in the house). Felicia drew her veil closer over her face as she drove across the Arno, and with a certain indescribable prejudice declined to be attracted by the beauty of the scene. She would not see the quaint bridge that spanned the river, the tall houses reflecting themselves in the magical stream, the gray Apennine heaving up his mighty shoulders behind the city, and all the wonderful sunshine and atmosphere which glorified the Italian town. Then the vehicle slackened its pace, and Felicia's heart beat faster. They had plunged out of the sunshine into the deep and cold shadow of the Via Giugnio, where by that time in the day sunlight was impossible, save that which blazed on the unequal roofs, and dropped in downward lines aslant, from the deep Tuscan cornice at the corners of the lanes which fell into this street. Then Felicia's conveyance stopped before a great door flanked by two large windows, strongly barred with iron. After a little interval the door swung open, and a maid-servant appeared; a dumpy, cheerful little Tuscan, bustling and good-tempered, who conducted Felicia up-stairs with a running flood of words, to which the stranger, in her nervous agitation, found it quite impossible to attend. Some one met them on the stairs, and Felicia's heart leaped to her mouth. This must be surely her aunt at last. She made an embarrassed, trembling pause, but the passenger went on without noticing her. So they continued up and up those lengthy stairs, the heart of the young stranger sinking more and more the further she ascended.

The staircase was indifferently lighted, and closed doors frowned on her upon the landing-places. Poor Felicia ran over all her life in her thoughts as she went up these steps—the little suburban house which was home, the fresh, fair, tiny English apartments, the kind mother, the familiar life. Now she was here among strangers, many hundred miles away from every one who knew her, and painfully doubtful of her new relations, and the reception she should meet with from them. Thus her whole peaceful past history, with its melancholy ending of farewells and death-beds, went by her eyes like a picture as she ascended these stairs.

This house, from cellar to roof, was Madame Peruzzi's—her property, almost her sole property; a little estate in a town frequented by the wandering English and the other wealthy nations who are given to travel. Her own apartments were in the third story, not quite the highest, but next to the attics—the third story, counting by legitimate floors, but, including *entresols*, somewhat more like the fifth. When Felicia reached this elevation she found her aunt at last awaiting her, not much less nervous than herself, though Madame Peruzzi's age and dignity kept her in her own apartments to await her visitor. The old lady stood with her hand upon the little marble table before her, in a somewhat agitated *posé*, as if she had been standing for her portrait.

She wore a black gown with a tight-fitting jacket, and large mosaic brooch. Her scanty gray hair was put up in a little knot at the back of her head, its color and distribution being abundantly evident from the want of any thing in the shape of a cap—a painful deficiency, which puzzled her niece extremely at the first glance, when it appeared to her that something, she could not tell what, was wanting in Madame Peruzzi's toilette. The old lady's ears were heavily weighted with round bosses of mosaic to correspond with her brooch. She wore lace frills, about her wrinkled and yellow hands, and the hollow cheek and gleaming eye were less comely in Madame Peruzzi than they had been in the familiar face of Felicia's father. Still there was sufficient resemblance to wake a flood of affectionate recollections in the orphan's mind. She made a few hasty steps forward, half shy, half eager, and then, with a momentary start of dismay, found herself suddenly clasped in

her aunt's arms. These arms were rather bony, and gave a somewhat grim embrace; and as the long, brown face bent over her, and the old, gray, uncovered head, it may be forgiven to the stranger if she felt this first ebullition of affection somewhat overpowering. Felicia was glad to slide out of her aunt's arms, and drop into the first chair which offered itself. Madame Peruzzi had a perfumed handkerchief in her hand, and the least possible fragrance of garlic in her breath. She was overflowing with affection for her beloved Antonio's child, her dearest niece, her sweet Felicia. The flood of rapid words and caressing expressions took away the poor girl's breath; she dropped softly into a chair, holding her little travelling bag clasped in her hand. Madame Peruzzi seated herself beside her, and poured out inquiry after inquiry: How long had she been on the way?—how wonderful that she should have come so soon! was not she happy to find herself in Florence?—were not the skies always cloudy in England?—how could Antonio, poor Antonio! have existed so long in that dismal country? And to die without seeing Italy again!—without leaving his child under his sister's care! Ah, heavens! what a fate! Such were the welcoming words with which Madame Peruzzi greeted her niece.

In the mean time, Felicia glanced round her, and silently took in a little picture of the scene. The room fronted to the street, and had two windows hung with fringed muslin curtains—not so white as might have been desired; between them was a marble table, supported on feet which had once been gilded, and supporting a long, narrow mirror. This and the round table, also topped with marble, on which Madame Peruzzi had been leaning, were the grand articles in the room. The rest of the furniture consisted of an old-fashioned sofa with cushions, and chairs which were not to correspond. The floor was uncarpeted, and consisted of tiles, dark-red and diamond-shaped, on which every footstep resounded. In one corner, a stove made of terra-cotta projected a little from the wall; some pictures—very bad copies from the cheap Florentine manufactories of such articles—were hung round the room; books were not to be seen, neither were there any materials for woman's work, or the least trace of that litter of life and occupation which the tidiest of apartments unconsciously and appropriately

attains; every thing was cold, bare, and penurious. Felicia had seen many a poorer room which had no such meagre expression. The penury here was not poverty of means alone, but poverty of life. As she looked, only half conscious of observing, her aunt's monologue went on. Madame Peruzzi did not require much aid in maintaining the conversation. She plunged into a hasty description of what were to be the future pleasures of Felicia's life—the Cascine, the Pergola, the Casino balls, to which a dear friend of Madame Peruzzi could gain them admission, the approaching delights of the carnival. Felicia listened with silent dismay and bewilderment. She did not comprehend the out-of-doors life described to her. These things, it was to be supposed, were gayeties understood to be generally agreeable to people of her age, but they only chilled and frightened the stranger, who, sadly fatigued and worn out with her journey, startled by new circumstances and the change of every domestic detail around her, would have been much more pleased to hear of a room she could retire to, to rest a little and cry a little and make up her mind to the novel condition in which she found herself. This, at last, Felicia took courage to ask for timidly. Then Madame Peruzzi led her by an open door into a little narrow strip of a room which opened from the sitting-room, where a little dressing-table stood before the window, and a little bed occupied the end of the apartment. "This is thy apartment, Felicia mia; thou shalt be very happy here," said Madame Peruzzi, looking round with some complacency. "See thou the sweet Madonna over thy head, and the blessed water. These were my Regina's, when the dear girl lived. Thou art my daughter now, and I have no other: be happy, my soul, with thy brother Angelo and me."

Felicia sat down upon her trunk, which had been carried here, though she had not observed it, feeling a little faint. Even then she was not left alone; and when the maid called Madame Peruzzi from the *sala*, the door of communication was still left open. Felicia did not move in her first moments of loneliness, but sat still upon her trunk, with her eyes fixed upon that open door. She scarcely felt courage to rise and close it; she sat gazing at it with a forlorn and dumb dismay. Looking at that, she seemed to be looking at the entire circumstances of her new life.

There was no other entrance to the room, and all her English privacy and individuality seemed to faint away from her at this sight. She had not even taken off her bonnet, or loosed from her weary shoulders the cloak which was heavier than usual with the weight of dust produced by an autumn day's journey. She could not cry, she could scarcely breathe; she sat apathetic and miserable, looking at her exposed apartment. Here was not the shelter which even her London attic gave her. In this place no one understood what was implied in the idea of home. Then came an interval of silence and quiet, which could not be called repose; she heard Madame Peruzzi's voice, at some little distance, giving orders to her maid; she could hear, even without wishing it, what Madame Peruzzi said; and only roused herself to the desperate possibility of closing her door when the colloquy seemed almost over. Pure Tuscan, with all its resounding syllables and soft terminations, but certainly not the liquid Italian, the melting accents which sentimental travellers delight to record; on the contrary, a couple of English scolds at high words could not have made more commotion than was created by the perfectly peaceable conference of Madame Peruzzi and her maid. However, the old lady, by an extraordinary discretion, respected the closed door of Felicia's room; and the stranger, after some breathless listening, roused herself to change her dress and shake off the weary travelling-garments full of dust which weighed her down. She had been kindly received; she had nothing to complain of, and yet her heart sank. Her aunt's words buzzed in her ears, like painful indications of a life unknown to her. What were the Cascine and the Pergola, the winter's balls and carnival, to a sober English girl in mourning, brought up in the humblest section of the English middle class, and accustomed to reckon upon things totally different as the most important matters of life? Felicia was not wise enough to be quite above the fascination of such promises, but to have these hopes held out to her in the first hour of her arrival, in a house so very moderate in its pretensions, as matters of essential importance, seemed to her something so gravely and sadly ridiculous, that, once out of Madame Peruzzi's presence, she could scarcely believe her in earnest. She made her simple toilette slowly, to gain a little time to think; she persuaded

herself that it was impossible to form any proper idea of the life and house to which she had come, till time should inform her fully on the subject; she thought of her father, and the stories he used to tell her of his own country. But her father had been long absent from his country, had acquired other habits and tastes, and remembered only the delights of his youth, quaint rural customs, and primitive pleasures, which in the telling had seemed as delightful to Felicia as to himself, but which she had connected with the luxuriant vineyards and shadowy olive gardens, the Italian farms with their primitive wealth and labors, and which she was sadly at a loss to adapt to these meagre apartments, where every thing was poor and unlovely, and where no beauty made up for the English comfort, which was out of the question here. The result of Felicia's deliberations was, that she became too much puzzled to deliberate further; and experiencing a slight revulsion of personal comfort when she had bathed her face, brushed out her hair, and changed her dress, at last opened, with more courage than she had felt in closing it, the door of her chamber, and found herself once more in presence of her aunt.

"If Angelo had but known thou wert here," cried Madame Peruzzi, "nothing would have detained him, Felicia mia—not his most dear friends—he is so anxious thou shouldst be happy with us. Ah! he is good, very good, my son. If Angelo had stood in his father's place, we should have been people of fortune, my soul; but the Signor Peruzzi was one of seven sons, and that which is in seven parts is less to each than if all were one, like Angelo, thou knowest. But he has good friends, very good friends—he is not neglected: they remember that he is a Peruzzi, and thou shalt have thy share of thy cousin's advantages, though thou and I, my Felicia, are not noble like Angelo. But what then? we shall enjoy our life the same, and he is a good son. But tell me, Carina; thy father, Antonio, did he never speak to thee of me?"

"Many times, aunt," said Felicia, faltering a little, for her father did not always speak with enthusiasm of his sister.

"And desired thee to come to us when he died, the good Antonio! did he not so?" continued the aunt.

"You forget my mother was then alive," said Felicia, with sorrowful pride: "while

she lived, he could wish me no other guardian."

"Thy mother, ah! who was thy mother, *carina*?" said the old lady, raising a little her capless head; "not a rich milor's daughter, Antonio told us. I know not the customs of thy country: if she was poor, and he was poor, why then did they marry? My poor Antonio! was it not a sad life?"

"They married because they were fond of each other," said Felicia, with a rising color, "and my father did not think his life sad: we were very happy—more happy than I can tell you; every thing went well with us then."

"He was always good," said Madame Peruzzi, "but thou wilt pardon me, Felicia, if to live in that cloudy island, and to labor all one's days, seems to me a sad life. And Antonio left thee a little fortune, did he not? Thou art rich, Felicia mia? We labor but for our children, my soul; if they are well, all is well. Ah! if I could but see my Angelo rich, I should die with joy."

"If Angelo thinks like me, aunt," said Felicia, quietly, "he would rather have his mother than be rich. One can work and live, but one cannot have a second father and mother."

"*Carina mia!* thou shalt have a second mother—thou art my own child!" cried the old lady, with a sudden embrace. Felicia unconsciously slid out of it with embarrassment as soon as she was able, and did not feel so happy as might have been expected. Strangely enough, at this pathetic climax of their interview, two ludicrous ingredients in the novelty of her position tempted Felicia at the same moment to laugh and to be slightly ill-tempered. One was a puzzling question, which ran through all her musings, and kept her in an annoying but ludicrous uncertainty—whether her Aunt Peruzzi had forgotten to put on her cap, and was unaware of it? and the other was a secret and hopeless longing for that great feminine English luxury, a cup of tea. She drew back, unconsciously putting up her hand to the crimped frill of her mourning collar, which her aunt's embrace had disturbed, and feeling herself more and more obstinately and perversely English in proportion as she perceived how different every thing else was around her. In the midst of such questioning and such involuntary resistance, the afternoon wore to an end. The impossible tea appeared not for

the refreshment of the young Englishwoman, and Madame Peruzzi, if she had forgotten it certainly did not discover the absence of her cap.

A little before six o'clock Angelo came home. Angelo was the only son of his mother, a young Florentine of two-and-twenty, but looking more youthful than he was, fresh, adolescent, and beardless, with a face which attracted his cousin's shy regard in spite of herself. Good looks are more common among the men than among the women of Tuscany, and Angelo Peruzzi's looks were sunny and frank and candid, with a degree of simplicity in the good-humor beaming from them, which an English youth of the same years could hardly have exhibited. He was not dark, but simply brown, with hazel eyes, a laughing, curved upper-lip, and so entire an absence of any thing like care or thought in his face that the grave young girl beside him, although younger than he, looked with a certain wistful envying and anxiety at his unclouded countenance, feeling herself ages older than he was, and wondering over his inexperience. Felicia herself was not quite twenty, and, English though she was in feeling, had one of those remarkable Italian faces, not always beautiful, which it is not easy to forget. Her eyes were blue, with a gleam of latent fire in their depths; her hair of a colorless darkness, like twilight, not black, but without light; her face long and oval. When she grew old, she would be like her father—a suggestion which at the present moment was not very complimentary, but at present she was something more than pretty, though less than beautiful. The two young people looked at each other with mutual curiosity as young people use; each was rather more a mystery to the other than it is common for young men and young women to be, for the serious English girl in her mourning was about as great a puzzle to Angelo as the thoughtless young Florentine was to Felicia; but they began their mutual examination with mutual good-will. Shortly after Angelo's arrival they were called to dinner, which was served in another apartment rather more bare than the first, at the other end of a long passage. Here Felicia began her experiences of Italian household economy. The meal was long and various, but the stranger's plate went away again and again untouched, and she was fain to plead extreme fatigue as the

cause of her want of appetite. Poor Felicia! The dinner was a grand dinner, made in her honor. Soup, a compound of hot water, grease, and macaroni, made a rather unpromising beginning. Then came very thin slices of uncooked ham and sausage, to be eaten with bread and butter; then a grand *fritto*—pieces of disguised fish and vegetable fried; then a dish of meat boiled out of its senses, surrounded with extraordinary vegetables. About this time Felicia ceased to be able to observe what was brought to the table—a whiff of garlic, a fragrance of cheese, enveloped the apartment. Madame Peruzzi kept up (without any slang) a *stunning* conversation with the dumpy, cheerful little maid, who came and went perpetually with the various dishes, and Angelo partook of all with a cheerful gusto which threw poor Felicia into dismay. She sat looking at them all without being able to say a word. Oh, for that impossible cup of tea! oh, to be able to forget the flavor of that macaroni! but it was as impossible to obtain the one as to escape the other, and Felicia sat silent, sick, and disgusted, scarcely able to keep her chair till the ceremonial was over, longing to be alone, and find in rest the only comfort which seemed to remain for her. Fortunately, however, nobody was surprised that she should wish to go to rest immediately. She had more than a traveller's license; it was evident that, traveller or no traveller, there being no amusement in the way, *that* was supposed to be the most sensible thing she could do. Madame Peruzzi herself retired to her own room immediately. Angelo went out, the house fell into profound silence, and into a darkness as profound. Felicia looked out from her high window: there lay the street, deep down, with its faint glimmer of scanty lamps under the shadow of these lofty houses, each defending itself, with its deep, overhanging cornice, from any invasion of light from the sky. The sounds which from that depth reached Felicia at her high window were drowsy and faint, as though the town were dropping to sleep; but the lights were brilliant in one great house opposite, where carriages began to arrive, and through the open door of which Felicia saw a vision of passing ladies in all the glories of evening dress; while in an apartment almost opposite her own, thinly veiled by a muslin curtain, the lady of the house was having her own *toilette* completed to receive her guests.

This was the true Italian evening division of the community; amusement for those who had amusement—for those who had not, sleep. Angelo was at his *café* and the theatre. His mother, whom nobody cared to seek, and who had consented to relinquish her hopes of pleasure—his mother was in bed. Such was the proper and natural arrangement of things, as it seemed, at Florence. Felicia lay down to her rest an incipient rebel. Might it not be possible to change all that?

CHAPTER II.

"THIS is kind of thee, *carina*," said Madame Peruzzi next morning, as Felicia and she sat together over their coffee. "Angelo is late in bed, as he needs to be, for due rest, poor boy, after a pleasant night. He will tell us of his pleasures when he wakes—and now I shall no longer drink my coffee alone. Thou wilt make a new life, Felicia mia, for me."

"I am glad you will like me with you, aunt," said Felicia, who was, however, puzzled by the entire absence of disapproval with which the old lady mentioned her son's late hours. "Is it Angelo's occupation which keeps him out so late?"

"His occupation? What is that, my soul?" asked Madame Peruzzi. "Didst thou not hear him say he was going to the Pergola to hear Norma? He shall take thee one of these days."

"Does he go there often?" asked Felicia, with still a troublesome terror lest she should hear her cousin designated as a conductor or member of the orchestra, an intimation which would not have been very delightful to her. Madame Peruzzi put her hand, with a playful momentary pressure, upon Felicia's hand.

"For what dost thou take my Angelo, my child? Is he old? is he past his pleasure? When there is no better gratification, where should he go but to the theatre? And as for me, I am old—my day is over—I go to bed."

"But Angelo, my aunt, has he then command of his time?" said Felicia, with timidity, glancing round the apartment, which bore so many visible signs of bare and meagre poverty. "Has he not—employment—does he not do anything? I mean—in England the young men have always something to do."

"My soul, we have enough," said Madame Peruzzi, with a beaming smile. "Why should Angelo weary himself with labor? In Eng-

land I have heard they are compelled to work to keep off melancholy and miserable thoughts, but thou knowest not yet our Italy, where it is pleasure to live. No, Felicia carina. My Angelo has good blood and a brave spirit. He takes his pleasure in his youth, for youth is the season of pleasure. At my age one heeds no longer what comes or goes. A new *prima donna*, or a grand *spectacle*, is but little to me. I should lose the whole if I but lost my spectacles, but it is different with Angelo and thee."

Felicia prudently kept silence and made no rejoinder. She contented herself with remembering that, after all, the country and its customs were new to her, and that she was not quite qualified on twenty-four hours' experience, to revolutionize this household, and protest against its habits of life—which was an unusual amount of modesty and sense for a girl of nineteen to exhibit, as everybody must allow. Accordingly, for this day at least, she was content to see what should happen, and find out the natural course of events in her aunt's house. About twelve o'clock, Angelo made his appearance, and ate his breakfast good-humoredly, entertaining his mother and cousin with his last night's adventures; for Angelo was as good a son as Madame Peruzzi called him, and would not have done an intentional slight to his only relatives for any thing in the world. Then the young gentleman disappeared for the day; he had various engagements with various acquaintances, which, he honestly regretted, prevented him this day from showing her ancestral town to his cousin. When he was gone the old lady followed Felicia to her room. Madame Peruzzi proposed to order a carriage and drive her niece to the Cascine, where all the world spent its afternoon; and the careful aunt was solicitous to see what were the stranger's equipments, and if her dress was satisfactory. She looked a little grave over the poor girl's unvaried black. It was no longer necessary, she said, to wear so much mourning—no one knew in Florence who these sable garments were worn for, and she disliked the dress for her own part, though she wore it herself in the house, for economy's sake. These remarks revived in Felicia a little temper, which she had always possessed. She had no desire to go to the Cascine; she would much prefer seeing the town, the Duomo, the Campanile, the pictures of which

her father had told her. Madame Peruzzi shook her head, and went away with smiling pertinacity. Then at four o'clock the carriage came. The old lady had done herself injustice when she said she was too old for pleasure. She made her appearance now in a *toilette* which astonished Felicia, with a very small ultra-Parisian bonnet, gay with artificial flowers, and a little parasol, like a bright-colored butterfly, and cream-colored gloves, fresh and fragrant. They made an odd contrast as they took their seats together in the little hackney carriage—the old lady so gay, and the young one so perfectly plain and unadorned. As they drove down the Lung' Arno in the afternoon sunshine, Felicia no longer shut her eyes to the beauty of the scene. As the houses disappeared, and they passed out of the gate in full sight of the blue Apennines, contracting their noble link of enclosure towards the west, and all the tender meadows basking in the sunshine in the low Vale of Arno, her heart for the first time was touched towards her father's country. These farmhouses softly seated among the verdant grass, with the deep, shady arch sometimes passing under the entire building, and the square tower raising its little upper story above the red-tiled roof, bore a pleasant look of home which comforted the longing in her mind. It was good to take refuge somewhere. Italian homes might be in these rural houses: though an upper floor in the Via Giugnio recalled few recollections of the domestic sanctuary. As Felicia amused herself with these imaginations, and Madame Peruzzi occupied her active old senses in recognizing and identifying most of the persons they met on the road, their carriage drove along through level lines of trees, flat and formal, with stretches of green meadow land on either side, to an open space in front of the great Dairy—a square brick building, from which the place takes its name. Here the Florentine world was at its height of occupation. Here Madame Peruzzi's carriage drew modestly into the ranks, and stood with the others in close square, contributing a little rivulet to the stream of talk spreading around. Everybody was talking, laughing, flirting, making and confirming engagements. Through the narrow lanes left between the carriages, youths like Angelo, and indeed Angelo himself—a sight tolerably welcome to the eyes of his cousin—mingled with elder and less

prepossessing men; while ladies leant out of their carriages, making free use of gesture, voice, hand, and fan—ladies with miniature bonnets, disclosing each a mass of glossy black hair and a pair of jewelled ears—ladies so fine that a suspicion of provincialism clouded the magnificence of their *toilettes*; but not lovely, not pretty—the least comely of Italian women.

When Angelo discovered his mother's modest vehicle among the crowd, he made haste towards her with a face glowing with pleasure—the Countess Picasola had just invited him to dinner. His satisfaction reflected itself with a double glow in the countenance of his mother, who bent over him with delighted looks. "We shall not see thee to-night, then, my Angelo?" she said, pressing her son's hand. Other loungers followed Angelo, till Felicia, shy and strange, became quite bewildered by the names and voices, and by the universal Italian, which had been for some years unfamiliar to her, and of which she had not yet recovered the habitual use, in the midst of so much conversation, without taking part in it, with a dozen people talking across her, and Madame Peruzzi half-standing in the carriage, and excited with an indulgence evidently very unusual, ready to respond to all, and answering three at a time. Felicia, who might have been amused at a great distance, leant back in her corner quite overpowered, and longing to escape from the confusion and crowd. Then came the flower-women, with their great flapping hats and pearl necklaces, who thrust little bouquets into her hand, to the extreme confusion and dismay of the stranger, who did not know the custom of the place, and was equally reluctant to take and afraid to offer money for them. When they moved homeward at last, Felicia sighed with relief, and Madame Peruzzi subsided in the highest state of gratification into the corner of the carriage, and began to explain to her niece what great people were some of those who had addressed her. It was all for Felicia's sake that her good aunt had undertaken this expedition; but the kindness in the mean time was its own reward.

The Via Giugnio, however, did not look less meagre and gloomy than before, as once more they ascended the long stairs and reached their own apartments. Every thing picturesque and bright out of doors—within,

poverty and plainness devoid of every pretension to beauty; once more the penurious, chilly life, which found no pleasure in itself, and, when left alone, had no resource but sleep. The dinner of that day was by no means so grand as the previous one; Angelo was doubtless a great deal better off at the Countess Picasola's, not to speak of the honor. The greasy soup, the oily vegetables, the black dish of fried rice, the incomprehensible sweets and sour of the meal, were once more too much for Felicia. She retired hastily, as soon as withdrawal was permissible. Retired, but to what? There was not a book visible, so that resource was impossible; and glad though she would have been to take her work and spend her evening, as she had spent many an evening with her mother, Felicia found that equally out of the question. Madame Peruzzi, indeed, accompanied her niece to the *sala*, and seated herself in a corner of the sofa, yawning horribly; but no lamp was brought into the room, nor did she ask for any, and the twilight gathered quick and gray over the apartment, in which at last it was only possible to perceive the colored fabric of Madame Peruzzi's dress, and the white glimmer of Felicia's work on the little marble table. Vainly the stranger tried to be amusing, to interest her relative by either remarks or questions, or to draw out her curiosity concerning England and the customs of that country. Madame Peruzzi sat swallowing vast yawns, nodding in her corner of the sofa, answering in monosyllables. Poor Felicia was in despair. When she became convinced that it was mere cruelty to detain her aunt, she in her turn became silent, and favored the escape of the unfortunate old lady; but when Madame Peruzzi had made her escape, it was scarcely nine o'clock, and what was the solitary girl to do? She had been shy to ask for light, expecting every moment the advent of the maid Marietta, and that tall Roman lamp with two lights, which had reminded her on the previous evening of the lamp of a carriage, as swung in Marietta's hand, and leaving her person invisible. It came along the long passage from the other end of the house, but no light came through the darkness; and when at last Marietta herself appeared, it was but to ask if the signorina wanted any thing before she went away for the night. With hesitation and faltering, Felicia put forward her humble desire

for a light. A light!—there was only oil enough in the lamp to light the Signor Angelo to his own room, when he should come in. What could Marietta do? Yet the kind-hearted Tuscan could not leave the stranger without exhausting herself with expedients to supply what she wanted. At length a sudden idea struck Marietta. She darted back to her odd little kitchen, and re-appeared with an old blue teacup in her hand, which she placed on the table, to Felicia's great amazement. Then Marietta produced a match-box, struck a match, and lighted a little floating wick which sailed on the surface of a little pool of oil. "Ecco, Signorina!" she cried triumphantly. Yes, behold it!—the domestic lamp—the evening illumination. The good natured girl could not be sufficiently pleased with herself for the idea, and went off in a little flush of exultation, making the door ring behind her as she closed it to celebrate her clever expedient, and the extraordinary inclination of the signorina to sit alone through the solitary night.

When Marietta was gone, and Felicia sat by herself in that dreary apartment, with her little light twinkling feebly out of the teacup, and herself and it gloomily reflected out of the dark depths of the mirror between the windows, Felicia's first and momentary impulse was a laugh of self-ridicule; but the laugh soon subsided into very different feelings, and before she was aware, her eyes were surprised with heavy tears. The gloom and solitude of the house, where no one moved but herself, the total isolation in which she stood, the apparent impossibility of making any one understand her, oppressed her heart. There was no sleep in her young eyes or her restless mind, and the only occupation which occurred to her for the moment was a desperate fit of home-sickness and longing, in which any refuge in her mother's country, however miserable, seemed better than the condition in which she stood. That was, however, as foolish as it was vain. After a little interval she dried her eyes, and took up her unsteady taper to carry it tenderly to her own room. There she tried a little arrangement to keep herself amused; and when her small possessions were in perfect order—order scarcely more perfect than that which she disturbed, but still something which amused and occupied her—she took out a humble little piece of embroidery, and tried to work. But work-

ing by that little floating light in solitude, amidst the gloomy shadows of the Via Giugnio, was not so easy as some people might suppose, especially when one is haunted with recollections of a bright family table, on which the lamp burned clear, and love was warm, and father and mother smiled upon their only child. Now all that remained to her was Madame Peruzzi, asleep in her room, and the young Florentine, who did not know what home or industry was, and who managed to forget poverty and a useless life by the perpetual amusement of one kind or another, which, in his mother's eyes, was only natural to his youth. Felicia's heart sank as she sat in her dark chamber, trying to do her embroidery, and trying still more to keep her thoughts from interference in other people's concerns. Her aunt and cousin were poor, very poor, yet no thought of occupation or employment seemed to enter the mind of Angelo. What benefit to him was the Countess Picasola and her invitation? said Felicia to herself. What was to become of him if he did nothing, and could do nothing?—and yet what had she to do with it? She perplexed herself to such an extent that she threw down her work, and went to the window to refresh herself with the fresh air. Just then a carriage drew up at the great house opposite, waiting for the great lady, whom Felicia once more saw through the thin blinds, finishing her evening's *toilette*. Other ladies, young slender figures in floating lace and muslin, had joined her, ere she appeared below at the door, to enter her carriage. Felicia looked on with a certain wistfulness, not envy, but something more like wonder at the differences of providence. When the echoes raised by their departure had died away, she still stood leaning out, looking up and down the deep gulf of street. There was little to see, save the irregular line of lofty houses, and far below an occasional passenger, but the air at least soothed her. Then Felicia, with a low laugh and a deep sigh, resigned herself to the necessities of her position, and, unable longer to resist the gloom, the silence, and the solitude lay down at last and went to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

In this monotonous and uncomfortable life the weeks ran on rapidly enough—slow as they passed, yet so devoid of interest, when they were gone, that they seemed no longer

than a common day. Felicia tried hard to convey her own ideas to the minds of her friends, but without much visible success, and she came to modify her own opinions concerning them, as she gained greater experience. Madame Peruzzi, though she retired to rest at eight o'clock, and suffered no litter of feminine occupation to be visible in her *sala*, was not the less a careful mother, nor scorned to use her needle and her shears for the comfort of her household, though Felicia found it almost impossible to persuade her aunt to bring her mending and darning into the sitting-room, or to share with her those cheerful and sociable domestic labors. It was against Madame Peruzzi's conscience to have her private labors suspected. She would not for the world have had one of her visitors discover her or her young companion at work; and as the old lady had greatly fallen out of acquaintance—if she ever had any acquaintance with the little Florentine world of fashion—and was visited only by old ladies of her own standing, it was not so easy to find a willing and suitable chaperone for Felicia as might have been supposed, and accordingly the projects for taking her out and supplying amusement for her evenings, which the old lady had been eloquent upon at first, soon dropped out of remembrance, and were mentioned no more. And Felicia found that her cousin, though living, after his kind, the life of a young man of fashion, was nevertheless a good son, innocent and without guile, who did not hesitate to bestow his full confidence on his mother, and was entirely trusted by her in return. How it was that under these circumstances Angelo, without the slightest idea of wrong-doing, was absent from home every night, and how, in spite of the extreme poverty of the *ménage*—a poverty which became more visible to Felicia every day—no idea of doing any thing for himself or his family to improve his position, or to provide for the future exigencies and expansions of life, seemed ever to occur to his mind, became less a mystery to her as she became more acquainted with her new sphere. Felicia was, however, English enough and woman enough to have a strong inclination towards reform, and a great impatience of those evils which everybody else seemed so contented with. The cousins were, moreover, much attracted towards each other; and ere they had been long together, the usual result to be hoped

or apprehended from the familiar intercourse of a young man and young woman, both good-looking and well-dispositioned, seemed in a fair way of coming to pass. Now and then Angelo stayed at home, the lamp was lit, Felicia produced her embroidery, Madame Peruzzi dozed in a corner of the sofa, and the meagre little *sala* brightened into a kind of magical version of home, an impossibility brought to pass by a dawning of something different from the mild domestic affections which are supposed to have their centre there. And then conversations ensued—conversations unlike every thing which the young man had ever taken part in before, and which they carried on alone, the mother being pleasantly absent and lost in dreams. On one of these nights, pleasant to both, and much longed for by Felicia, Angelo directed his inquiries in a somewhat marked and significant manner to England and English customs, a little to the surprise, but much to the satisfaction, of his cousin.

"I wish you could but go to England, Angelo," cried the young reformer, determined not to lose her opportunity; "I cannot describe to you how different every thing is. I do not suppose you can understand me when I tell you—if any one had told *me*, before I came here, what I should find in Florence—"

"Does Florence disappoint you, then, my cousin?" asked the young man.

"Yes, in some things," said Felicia; "in others, no; but you do, Angelo."

"If and how?" said Angelo, with a smile.

"Because I do not know what is the good of you," said the young revolutionary demurely.

"Nor I either," cried her cousin, who thought her frankness a sally of humor. "Why should there be any good in me? is that necessary in your England?"

"I did not say there was no good in you; that is not true," said Felicia. "But you are of *no use*, cousin; you ought to be so different. Had you been born an Englishman, you would have been busy all day long—laboring, exercising your faculties, helping on the work of the world. Every man in England is trained to do that, and knows it is his duty. You would have gone out to work, and come home to rest, if you had been born an Englishman, Angelo."

"Should I have been happier, my cousin?" said the young man.

"Happier!—what has being happy to do with it?" cried Felicia with a little burst of vehemence. "Does it make you happy to go to your *café*? are you happy when you are at the Cascine or in the theatre? You know quite well you are only amused; and that is so different. Ah, Angelo! that makes all the difference. People in England do not think it necessary to be always amused; but we all try, when we have the chance to be happy."

"But you do not succeed, my cousin?" said Angelo; "and your Englishman, Felicia mia—your Englishman who goes out to work, and comes in to rest—what shall he do to be happy?"

The young Italian asked the question with a certain bitterness and personality; for Angelo was by no means acquainted with the instincts of English womankind, and had not sufficient experience to know that the existence of the special Englishman whom he suspected, would have much moderated, in all probability, his cousin's earnestness on his own behalf. Felicia, for her part, faltered in her answer, blushed crimson, and, by her hesitation, convinced the young Florentine that his suspicions had some foundation.

"I do not know—I—I cannot tell," she said with confusion, unable to shut out from her mind, at that embarrassing moment, that English youthful imagination which supposes happiness to mean love and the young home and household, which is the first instinctive suggestion of insular comfort and virtue. In spite of herself, Felicia could not help thinking if Angelo, instead of a Florentine man-about-town, had been that same imaginary Englishman of whom they spoke, what visions of some little suburban house might have been floating in his imagination, and what a fanciful little paradise—perhaps the only refined and beatified conception of his life—might have risen to him out of a little waste of imaginary tables and chairs. That, at least, was her womanish conception of the subject; but something sealed her lips, and she could have done any other impossible thing sooner than betray to Angelo the momentary suggestion of her own heart.

"Then if you do not know, and cannot tell, my cousin, I must tell you of a happiness, or an amusement—I know not how you will call it—which is falling to me," said Angelo, with gayety which looked somewhat

forced. "There is a country-woman of thine, Felicia, on the other side of the way, young and rich and pretty—a wilful little woman; and she does me the honor to smile upon me."

It was now Felicia's turn to feel a little involuntary bitterness. Though she could have done any spite to herself the moment after, by way of punishment for her weakness, she felt a momentary blank in her face, and pang in her heart. But she very speedily regained the mastery, and made an answer of congratulation which seemed forced only to herself. Angelo went on fluently with his brag and his description. The young lady of his story was one of the slender white figures whom Felicia had watched so often issuing from the door of the house opposite into the carriage which carried them away to nightly amusement or daily airings. She was very young—only sixteen—an orphan, and a great heiress,—so much Angelo knew; and, led on by the evident interest, and perhaps the slight pique perceptible in the tone of his cousin, the young man poured into her eager ears every thing he had heard concerning the young Englishwoman, and perhaps a little more.

"Very rich—a great heiress;—and how have *you* met her, Angelo?" asked Felicia, with an unconscious emphasis upon the *you*, which proved that she considered great heiresses rather out of the young Peruzzi's way.

"I have met her in society, my cousin," said the laughing Angelo, who immediately quoted a list of great names which still further confused and troubled Felicia. "We are poor, it is true—very poor," said the light-hearted Florentine; "but that is not in Florence what it is in thy country: the saints defend us, we are all poor! Yet they will ask thy idle, unfortunate cousin to their assemblies, Felicia, while they see him still in possession of a tolerable coat and a pair of gloves. Gloves, heaven be praised, are cheap in Florence, so, though I am poor, I can still see my heiress. And what sayest thou, Felicia? if all progresses, as, to say the truth, all bears promise of progressing, thy poor cousin may not long be poor."

"Do you mean, if you marry the heiress, Angelo?" asked Felicia.

"I mean, if the heiress marries me, my cousin," said the young man.

Felicia was silent; her own uncomfortable

sensations, and the inexplicable mortification she felt in her heart, prevented her from any word or hint of opposition. She went on with her embroidery very swiftly and quietly, while Angelo, very well pleased with the impression he had produced, and with a great deal of boyish mischief and self-complacency seconding some feelings more serious, was silent also, letting his laughing glance travel round the apartment, and finding, with a rapid perception of the picturesque, something rather attractive in the scene. The room not half lighted, with its two unshuttered windows gleaming through the muslin curtains, and all the darkness of the night beyond them; the tall Roman lamp, with its two unshaded lights shining steadily from the little marble table; Madame Peruzzi, a dark shadow in the corner of the sofa, leaning back upon her hard cushions, with her gray head veiled by the darkness; the whole darkly gleaming in the narrow mirror, which gave such strange depth to the shadows and prominence to the light. Then Angelo returned to the light, and the face it shone on, the point of highest illumination in the picture. Felicia was making wonderful progress with her work; her hands moved as hands only can move when the heart is agitated and the thoughts in full career. The young man looked at her white clear forehead, on which the lamp shone, at the graceful stoop of her head, her eyes cast down, and her lips firmly closed. The whole face was very grave, deeply silent, with that indescribable disapproval and mute resistance on its every feature which people abroad are fond of characterizing as the insular look of stone. The expression struck Angelo: he could not flatter himself that there was pique or personal offence in it; somehow it seemed a dumb reproach upon his levity, and touched, with a singular pain unknown to him before, the light heart in his Italian breast: higher things than belonged to *his* life; virtues and honors and heroisms unknown seemed somehow to beam upon the wistful gaze of Angelo out of that silent uncommunicating face.

"Felicia! *sorella mia*," he said, softly, using the tenderest title of kindred, which by no means meant the exclusive *sister* of our preciser tongue—"you disapprove of me—you think me wrong: shut not up thy thoughts in thy lips—speak! I will listen like a child."

"Why should I speak?" and Felicia, availing herself, however, of the permission with all the eagerness of hitherto restrained eloquence—"why should I speak? you do not understand me. To me, because I know you, and know that there are better things in you, it is terrible to see you throw away your life, and dishonor it. Yes, dishonor it, Angelo! Would her friends permit you to marry this heiress? would she, do you think, if she lived with us a week, continue to think you her equal? and besides, women everywhere are obliged to marry for fortune, and you pity and scorn them for it; but men, Angelo! men who can work, is it possible that you can calmly think of doing the same thing?"

"Why should not I?" said the young man with an amused and amazed smile. "My little English cousin, does no one do as much in your country? I am poor, you know it only too well; and as for your work, Felicia, I know not what I could work at, nor how I should learn, for here is nothing to do in Florence. Why then must I refuse to be enriched, should that good fortune come to me, by a good little wife?"

"Perhaps not, if she made love to you, and you had only to accept her," said Felicia, with a little scorn; "but it is you who must woo and say you love *her*. Do you love her, Angelo?"

As she looked him in the face in her frank indignation, Angelo responded by a bright intimidating look, which took Felicia much by surprise. She did not repeat her question, but dropped her head with a confused involuntary agitation, of which she was mightily ashamed. There was a pause, and then Angelo answered with great composure and laughing self-possession:—

"You take this matter much too gravely, my cousin. If she will marry me, can I help it? In thy country, is it not everybody's duty to be rich? And so long as one does not steal nor cheat, does it matter how?"

"You do not know my country, nor any thing about it," said Felicia. "There are men who hold such sentiments in England, but not such men as you."

"My cousin," said Angelo, affectionately, "what kind of man, then, am I?"

"The men who say such things, and think such things," repeated Felicia, "are men without innocence, without honor, without heart—men who have tried the world and

failed—whom no one loves nor trusts—who are shunned when they are successful, and scorned when they are not. No, Angelo—not such as you."

"Ah, Felicia! you speak easily," said Angelo, growing grave; "you think of your own country. Your Englishman, who goes out to work and comes home to rest, do you think I do not sometimes envy him?—I and many more than me. But what can I do?—what is there in Florence, in Italy, for any man?—mosaics and copies from the galleries—porcelain. Shall I go to La Doccia, my cousin, and learn that craft?—or would you have me work in alabaster? I will be faithful and obedient, Felicia: which will you bid me do?"

Half affronted, half impressed, no longer desirous to continue the conversation, and perhaps as anxious by this time to escape to her own apartment as her aunt herself could be, Felicia made no answer. Angelo had said very little; but somehow he had unsettled the confident and certain standing-ground upon which his cousin stood. She began to feel confused and dizzy, and to understand dimly, as theory always does when it comes in contact with reality, that arbitrary injunctions are not much to the purpose, and that more things than abstract right and wrong make up the sum of most human matters. She was not great in argument or reason, as girls of nineteen rarely are; she was young and arbitrary and imperative, as belonged to her youth, and impatient of those vulgar external obstacles which stood in the way of what ought to be. If there was nothing for Angelo to do in Florence or in Italy, that very fact was wrong. Why was there not any thing to do? She was inclined to ask the question angrily—to demand that somebody should be pointed out to her to bear the blame. Whose fault was it? If not Angelo's, at least that of the people or the government. But something closed Felicia's lips; she was vexed, confused, embarrassed—every thing was wrong.

In the silence which ensued, Madame Peruzzi gave signs of reviving animation. This old lady, who had no knowledge nor conception of Angelo's heiress, had designs of her own of a less ambitious kind—designs very probably not much different from those which may be entertained by English mothers, but so much honester and more innocent, that

this matchmaker had not the slightest conception of any harm in them, or that it was at all necessary to disguise or conceal her schemes. Madame Peruzzi was simply and ingenuously of opinion that Felicia's tiny fortune should not be suffered to go out of the family, and that her fifty pounds a year would make a very comfortable addition to the income of her cousin. This idea reconciled her to sit up till ten, nay, even till eleven o'clock—if her doze upon the sofa could be called sitting up—to encourage the *tête-à-tête* of the young people. Their silence roused her now, as their conversation had not succeeded in doing. She raised herself, a queer old figure, from her corner of the sofa. Long before this time Felicia had ceased to hope that her aunt, unawares, had forgotten to put on her cap. She got up with her scanty gray hair falling into disorder, rubbing her eyes, which were dazzled by the light. "My children," said Madame Peruzzi, "I love to see you talking together. Ah, it is such happiness when minds are sympathetic! but it is late."

"Yes," cried Felicia, with unusual promptness, putting away her work; "and we have kept you up and disturbed your rest, aunt. It is selfish. I fear it is my fault; for Angelo," she added, with a little girlish pique and mischief, "Angelo is very happy at the *café*, when there is no better entertainment to be had."

"True, my soul," said the matter-of-fact mother, gravely, "and well it is thus. Yet he does not grieve to lose his pleasure now and then for thy sake. He is slow to commend himself, my good Angelo; but I know he loves well to be with thee."

This speech produced some awkwardness to both the persons concerned. Felicia shot a rapid, mischievous, half-malicious glance at her cousin. He, the honest fellow, meaning no harm, only laughed and blushed; for that he should be more than half in love with his young relation, as was very evident, and yet confide to her his heiress hopes, did not strike Angelo as any thing extraordinary. He did not quite understand her scruples on the subject. The reluctance with which the heroes of novels in England accept the wealthy hands of heiresses, would have been simply and totally incomprehensible to Angelo; and Felicia's indignation was entirely lost upon a mind innocent of any intention which he would be ashamed to own. He could understand

somewhat better, and felt flattered by the slight spark of pique and malice which she exhibited—that was jealousy, the other was something mysterious and unexplainable. As for Madame Peruzzi, who had not heard a word of the conversation, and who could not suppose them to be on other than the most satisfactory terms, she looked on with great complacency upon their good-night, and enfolded her niece in a sleepy embrace, with as much fervor as was compatible with that comatose condition. She thought *her* scheme was progressing famously, and she was exceedingly well content.

While Felicia sought her own apartment with feelings much less satisfactory. What, if Angelo were ever so industriously inclined, what was the young man to do? True, it was very easy to say that carving alabaster or fitting together the tiny morsels of mosaic was better than idleness—better than the poverty closely approaching want which existed, without any effort to remedy it, in this household; but, after all, Felicia had learned to yield some weight to the name of Peruzzi, and even her own humble antecedents did not lend much countenance to the idea of a handicraft. Angelo had no genius; he was not a painter or a sculptor or a musician born, as a young Italian having any connection with romance had a right to be. He had no connection with romance, the honest fellow. He could read his own language, and that was about the sum of his education: if he spoke pure Tuscan, that was by virtue of his birthplace, and no credit to himself; and his few epistolary efforts were not likely to impress any one with high ideas of his attainments in literature. Ambition in its humblest shape—even that power of "bettering himself," under the flattering influence of which the very maid-servants rejoice in England—was closed to Angelo. He might condescend, if Felicia succeeded in impressing her own ideas upon him, to daily labor; but no hope of enterprise or possibility of ambition was there to stimulate Angelo. It was the young man's fortune to belong to a nation caressed and admired and flattered out of every-day existence. If Angelo was idle, he was no more idle than his country; if Angelo contented himself with those barren amusements which stood in the place of life and happiness, he did but what all Italy was doing. Italy, like Angelo, vegetated on the enough which supplied her

merest unavoidable wants. Italy, like Angelo, did her best to content the higher part of her with the past; and to make her sunshine of climate, as he made his sunshine of youth, stand in the place of all the real foundations of national joy and prosperity. Generations of such as Angelo had blossomed and degenerated on the same soil. How then was Angelo to blame?

Perhaps Felicia's cogitations were neither so distinct nor so abstract, for Angelo Peruzzi was much more present to her thoughts, and more immediately interesting, than any vision of Italy; still they ran in this channel, and perhaps she was not sorry to find such excuses for her cousin. However, heated and agitated as she was by the conversation which had just ended, she was glad to find her usual refuge from herself at her window, where the wind refreshed her pleasantly, though it was now nearly the end of October, and not so warm as it had been. It was a moonlight night, and moonlight had a picturesque effect on the Via Giugnio. Her eyes were caught irresistibly by the irregular line of house-tops, the broad white lights and impenetrable depths of shadow, where here and there a cluster of windows shone like molten silver, and on either side of them the high opposite houses blotted out the line, and left but a tall, dark blank of wall, mysterious and gloomy in the shade. Presently Felicia's observation was attracted by something more immediately interesting; her eyes turned involuntarily to the house opposite which she had watched so often, but from which her cousin's tale, if she had been perfectly mistress of herself, would have turned her eyes now. At the opposite window, almost on a level with her own, was a little white figure unrecognizable in the darkness, for the high roof of the opposite house kept Madame Peruzzi's habitation in complete shadow. This little figure, whoever it might be, found out Felicia shortly after Felicia discovered it, and straightway began to make signals and telegraphic gestures across the street, waving a tiny hand out of a wide, white sleeve, nodding a little head, and making every demonstration of friendship possible at the distance. Dismayed, astonished, and perhaps not without a more particular pang,

Felicia retired from the window. Her first idea was that she had been taken for Angelo, and a flush of indignation and pain, too strong for her control, overpowered her at the thought; but when she sat down with her brow and her heart alike throbbing to think it over, Felicia grew calmer. It must, after all, have been herself, and she alone, for whom these salutations were intended. Angelo's room was at the other side of the house; Angelo must have spoken to his heiress of his cousin. Felicia's vexation and pain subsided gradually. She saw herself, however, in a strangely embarrassing confidential position between two people whose incipient relations to each other affronted her own self-regard as much as they offended her judgment; she felt herself involved in a clandestine correspondence, which most likely, because her heart and her own affections were engaged in preventing it, her girlish pride and honor would move her to encourage. What could she do? Felicia pressed her hands against her hot forehead, which throbbed and beat to their touch, and with growing pain and perplexity confused her brain and heart with thinking. A young woman, a very young girl, an Englishwoman, who ought not to be permitted to fall into this snare, was the little stranger who had just made these eager salutations to her at the window. But if she undeceived this almost child, if she did what real honor and duty demanded of her, the forlorn young creature trembled at the interpretation which might be put upon her conduct. They would say she did it because she herself loved Angelo; they would say it was jealousy, self-interest—things that her face and her heart burned to think of. What could she do?—suffer the whole to go on, and “sacrifice herself,” and, to save her own pride, connive at the future misery of all parties? Felicia lifted her face from between her hands, and put out her light, and crept softly to rest in the dark, as if thus she could escape from her own sight and thoughts. She had seen by a sudden prophetic intuition what was coming upon her; but as yet, thank Heaven, there was a little breathing-time. The moment when she was called to do any thing in the matter was not yet come.

From The Boston Daily Advertiser.
THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

IN reading Mr. Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," we could not entirely agree with the author, in designating the battles which he had selected as the "*the* fifteen decisive battles of the world," there being others which, in our opinion, might claim with as much reason at least as some of those, to be included in the list. The only battle on the Western Continent which Mr. Creasy speaks of, is that resulting in the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, which is rightly enough named a decisive battle, as marking the point where the British monarchs lost forever their American colonies, "the brightest jewels in the royal crown." But there is another battle-ground on this continent which deserves equally, at least, to be commemorated as the scene of a decisive action. The transfer of the control of the colonies in America from the mother country to a new and independent government, was indeed an important event in the history of the world. It was a great change in the state of things. But, as it seems to us, a far more important event, a far greater change, took place when the control of North America was wrested from the French, and secured to the Anglo-Saxon race. And this change depended almost wholly on the result of one battle; and the result of that battle depended on the success of a single daring and dangerous exploit. It was the capture of the city of Quebec which sealed the fate of Canada. That capture was secured by a brilliant enterprise on the part of the British—a battle in which not only Wolfe and Montcalm, the two leaders, received their death-blows, but also the officers second in command on each side were disabled. This Battle of Quebec, then, we claim as one of the decisive battles of the world, and we propose to glance at it in this point of view.

"England and France," remarks the author of *Hochelaga* in his *Conquest of Canada*, "started in a fair race for the magnificent prize of supremacy in America." This remark is quite true. The English indeed for a long time seemed to be quite indifferent to the results of the race; they regarded their colonies either with cold scorn or open injustice; while the French strove zealously and eagerly for success. They poured out men and money freely, they schemed cunningly,

and legislated wisely (to all appearances) to establish their colonies on a secure and permanent basis. But the race was a repetition of that between the hare and the tortoise in the fable. As sometimes a weed which springs from a seed sown by chance will thrive better from very neglect, than a plant carefully tended and watered beside it, so the English settlements in America, despised and neglected as they were by the mother country, have become a great and powerful nation; while the French settlements—what has become of them? In the words of Mr. Everett, in a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association in this city, "Less than half a million of French peasants in Lower Canada, tenaciously adhering to the manners and customs which their fathers brought from Normandy two centuries ago, and a still smaller number of planters of French descent in Louisiana, are nearly all that is left to bear witness that not a century ago—since Faneuil Hall was built—France was the mistress of the larger half of the North American Continent!"

Suppose for a moment that those two magnificent rivers, the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, were as they once were, French rivers; that the settlements in their valleys were inhabited by Frenchmen; how different would be the condition and aspect of America, from what it actually is, at the present time!

It was hardly to be expected that the colonies of the two great European powers would long succeed in maintaining a perfect peace. Even if there had not been wars between the mother countries, they would have been, sooner or later, brought into collision, as each gradually enlarged its extent and importance. The continent, though large, could hardly remain easily in the hands of two powerful masters. Yet in the contest which must certainly rise between them, France had quite as much reason to expect ultimate success as England.

It was the campaign of the year 1759 which decided the matter in favor of England, and the battle of Quebec was the final battle of that campaign. It was that battle that secured to the Anglo-Saxon race the possession of North America forever.

The plan determined upon by the English ministers for this campaign, was somewhat complicated, but complete. It contemplated no less than three distinct expeditions, to the

three most important points which were in possession of the French. These were Niagara, the forts on Lake Champlain, and Quebec. The west, south, and east of Canada were thus all to be attacked at once.

The first two of these expeditions attained the intended objects with complete success, without much delay. General Amherst ascended from New York with an adequate force, to the forts on Lakes George and Champlain; Ticonderoga and Crown Point. These were deserted by the enemy on his approach, and thus easily fell into the possession of the British.

It is a curious fact, that although Ticonderoga was a post strongly fortified, and in a commanding position, yet that all the times which it changed hands not a gun was fired. Originally built by the French, it was quietly abandoned by them to the English in 1759; and was retained by the latter till 1775, when it was seized by Ethan Allen, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and was held by the Americans till 1777, when Burgoyne having gained possession of Mount Defiance, an eminence overlooking the fort, but which had been supposed to be inaccessible, it was again abandoned. It was retained by the British till the close of the war, when, by the terms of the peace, it was restored to the United States. It is not now maintained.

Meanwhile, Sir William Johnson had succeeded to the command of the troops sent against Niagara, by the accidental death of Gen. Prideaux, who was killed by the bursting of a cohorn, carelessly discharged. Johnson pushed forward the operations with so much vigor that on the 25th of July, almost the same day that Amherst was entering Crown Point, Pouchot, the French commandant of the post, surrendered to the English.

Two of the branches of the plan had thus been entirely successful, and all eyes naturally turned to the expedition against Quebec, under Gen. Wolfe. It had been originally expected that if the troops employed in the other expeditions should accomplish their first objects, they would press forward through the country, and join Wolfe under Quebec. Their united forces would here be able to make quite a formidable attack. It is not very clear why they did not do this. Perhaps there were insuperable obstacles, and perhaps the successful leaders were too proud

of the victories that had already gained, to be willing to risk a new encounter. At all events, instead of prosecuting a laborious journey through the wilderness, to be succeeded by more fighting, which would perhaps result in defeat, the victorious armies rested on their laurels, and settled down for the winter at the posts they had gained.

Wolfe had had a prosperous voyage, and arrived at the Isle of Orleans in the St. Lawrence River just below Quebec on the 28th of June. He remained with his force, eight thousand men, encamped in this vicinity throughout the months of July and August without accomplishing scarcely any thing against the enemy and barely holding his own position. He had made several brave attempts to bring on an engagement with the enemy, but had been uniformly repulsed with loss. The French, secure in their position, offered no chance for a fair battle. He was surrounded by hostile Indians, who seized every opportunity to harass him; he had little reason to hope for aid or co-operation from the other armies, and seemed destined to have the mortification of seeing the season slip gradually away while he effected nothing. The reports of the successes of the other expeditions while they were in some points of view encouraging, nevertheless must have seemed to aggravate the painfulness of his position by increasing the importance of his actions.

The state of things was indeed almost desperate. The city of Quebec, even then well fortified, stands on a high cliff bordering on the St. Lawrence, whose bank on that side is for a long distance above, steep and precipitous. Below the city the River Charles afforded a like impassable barrier to attacks on that side. Moreover the city was occupied by a superior force, under the command of a brave general, and nothing could be hoped from want of vigilance, want of discretion or want of knowledge on the part of the enemy. Yet the season was fast wearing away and something must be done.

Anxiety, together with a painful malady which he had brought with him from England, had conspired to throw Wolfe upon a bed of sickness. Resolved to attempt something, he requested the three brigadier generals under him to consult upon a plan of action, at the same time himself suggesting for their consideration several schemes. From their consul-

tation and his own suggestions, arose the plan eagerly embraced and successfully executed by Wolfe, which while it lost him his life, gained for him a brilliant fame, and changed the destinies of a continent.

This scheme was nothing less than to make an apparently rash and impracticable attempt to gain possession of the Plains of Abraham, a clear space near the city, by climbing the steep bank of the St. Lawrence River. If this open field could once be gained, and the enemy could be forced to come forward and hazard a fair battle, either a defeat or a victory must ensue; the campaign would not be entirely without an end. This scheme could only succeed, of course, by preserving the utmost secrecy with regard to it. The steep ascent must be climbed in entire silence and by night. Any suspicion of the design on the part of the French, would of course cause its entire frustration. Accordingly the forces and ships were so manœuvred as to mislead the enemy and induce the belief that a landing was intended at another spot. / Observing these motions, Montcalm, the French commander, sent out M. Bougainville with a considerable force to keep along the north bank of the river that he might watch the motions of the English and prevent their landing above the city.

The night of the 12th of September had been fixed upon for the execution of the scheme. Every preparation had been made before that time. The ships moved a considerable distance above the town. All the orders necessary had been promulgated, without, however, disclosing to the soldiers the nature of the intended attack. The men designed for the expedition had marched by land to join the ships above the town. / Wolfe had happily regained his health sufficiently to be able to command in person.

At one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, September 13th, 1759, thirty boats, containing sixteen hundred men, started from the ships above and slowly glided down the river with the tide. The weather was propitious. It was a starlight night.* So absolutely necessary to the success of the plan was its entire secrecy that silence had been imposed upon the soldiers under pain of death. In perfect silence the little force slowly moves over the

water, in the stillness of the dim starlight, between the frowning and precipitous banks of the river; the fate of the whole campaign hanging upon the doubtful result of a most hazardous enterprise. This almost fearful stillness is broken only by a single sound, which rather adds to than detracts from the impressiveness of the scene. Not one of the men dares lift his voice; but the general, Wolfe, a young, brave and enthusiastic soldier, but depressed by sickness, anxiety, and the critical nature of his situation, as he sits in the stern of his boat, slowly and softly repeats that beautiful piece of English poetry, Gray's "Elegy written in a country churchyard," then but recently published, which some friend had not long before sent him from England. Probably this was suggested to him by these lines near the beginning:—

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

*And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drowsy flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."*

But had he known what was to be the result of the next day's work, he could have hardly quoted any thing more appropriate than these verses which occur in the course of the piece:—

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

As Wolfe concluded the impressive recital of these stanzas, he remarked to the officers around him:—"Now, gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem, to the glory of beating the French to-morrow!"*

In the course of the progress of the boats, they were interrupted by the "*Qui vive*" of a watchful sentinel on the shore, but he was easily satisfied through the address with which a Scotch captain answered, leading him to suppose that the party was a part of Bougainville's command, which had been despatched up the river to watch the motions of the Eng-

* This incident, which seems almost too beautiful and poetical to be true, nevertheless rests on unquestionable testimony. It was told by John Robison, afterwards a Professor at Edinburgh, then tutor to a young midshipman, and who was in the boat with Wolfe during the passage down the river. It is preserved in the memoir of him, contained in Playfair's works.

* "Weather favorable: a starlight night" is the entry in Knox's Journal the evening before the battle.

lish. Again they narrowly escaped being fired into by an English force, which had not been acquainted with the plan. Without any accident, however, the intended landing-place was reached with but little delay, although the boats, drifted somewhat further down the river than was intended. The troops disembarked in good order, and commenced the perilous and difficult ascent of the frowning cliff with enthusiasm and energy. Wolfe himself was one of the first to land; observing the nature of the ground, he drily remarked as he scrambled up, "You can try it; but I don't think you'll get up." The French sentinels were at first deceived by a story told them by the Scotch officer, that he had been posted there with a considerable force by Montcalm; but soon discovered their error, so late, however, that they were easily overpowered by the English troops who had collected. The captain of the guard, however, named De Vergor, with a bravery that would have made him a hero in some other circumstances, made an obstinate and determined resistance; even after he was surrounded by numbers he continued to fire at his assailants. He was secured, robbed of a cross which he wore on his breast, and sent to the rear.

The English troops gained the even space at the summit of the hill without further difficulty; here they formed and quietly waited for the events of the day. Their numbers were gradually increased by further accessions, each boat returning as fast as emptied, till nearly five thousand * men were collected. A single piece of cannon was dragged up the cliff.

This whole evolution was a complete surprise to Montcalm. His attention during the night had been entirely taken up with the feint of a projected attack below the town. Boats had been constantly plying to and from various points on the beach here, and the ships in the river had been throwing a constant fire upon the shore. Early in the morning, however, an officer on horseback brought him in hot haste the astounding intelligence of the presence of the English on the Plains of Abraham. He instantly determined to engage with them in open field and fair fight;

* According to Knox, the whole number of men of all sorts engaged in the battle on the side of the English, was four thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight. The French force in the battle, according to the same authority, was seven thousand five hundred and twenty.

relying probably upon his superior numbers and his artillery. He did not sufficiently consider that he would suffer under one great disadvantage in an open battle, since a considerable part of his troops was composed of the inexperienced and discontented Canadian levies, while the English were all tried and disciplined soldiers. His resources would have enabled him to stand siege in the town for a much longer period than the want of supplies on the part of the English could allow them to protract it.

The battle began at about eight o'clock, and lasted but a short time. The weather at first was showery and the sky cloudy; but afterwards it cleared up and there was bright sunshine. The attack was commenced by the French, who rushed furiously with shouts upon the English; these received the enemy firmly, reserving fire until they were within forty rods, and then giving it with fearful effect. A second similar discharge entirely overcame the French, who fled precipitately to the city. They were closely followed by the Highlanders of the English force, who attacked them violently with their swords, and served by their impetuosity and skill to supply the want of cavalry. All attempts to form the French again failed, and an attack in the rear of the English by Bougainville, who had brought up his force, was also frustrated, and he was compelled to retreat.

Early in the battle Wolfe had received a wound in his wrist, which he concealed, covering it with his handkerchief; soon after he had a second wound, a ball in his body which he also disregarded. Again he received a third ball in his breast; this too he attempted to conceal, saying to a Grenadier officer near him, "Support me that my brave fellows may not see me fall!" He was however unable to sustain himself and was carried to the rear of the front line, where he asked those about him to lay him down. On being asked if he would have a surgeon, he replied, "It is needless; it is all over with me." Just then it is said one of the officers cried out in his hearing, "They run! see how they run!" Wolfe started up like a person roused from sleep, and asked, "Who run?" The officer answered, "The enemy, sir! Egad, they give way everywhere!" Upon this, Wolfe gave some hurried orders, and then, turning on his side, after a moment's pause, he added, "Now,

God be praised, I will die in peace!"—and so expired.*

Monckton, the second in command, was disabled by a severe wound. The command of the British consequently devolved upon Townshend.

Meanwhile, Montcalm, on the other side, had also been wounded. When his wound was first examined, and he was told that it was mortal, he said, "I am glad of it: how long can I survive?" "Perhaps a day: perhaps less." "So much the better," rejoined Montcalm, "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." He refused to give any further orders for the defence of the city, saying to those who consulted him, "My time is very short, so pray leave me. I wish you all comfort and to be happily extricated from your present perplexities." It is said that shortly before his death he remarked that it was a great source of consolation that he had been vanquished by so brave and generous an enemy; and declared that he could have beat three times the force which he commanded in the battle with a third of their number of British troops. He died late in the evening

* This account of the last moments of Wolfe is that given by Knox, who obtained his information directly from one of the officers who attended the dying general during the whole time. The circumstances resemble somewhat those reported of the death of Epaminondas, who, when he knew that he was mortally wounded, and would die as soon as he drew a spear-head from his side, allowed it to remain till it was announced that the Boetians were victorious, when he said, "I have lived long enough, for I die unconquered!"

of September 14th, the day after the battle, and at his own request was buried in a cavity in the earth made by the bursting of a bomb-shell. The two officers next in command to Montcalm were also killed.

The loss on each side was considerable; the British had six hundred and sixty-four killed, wounded, and missing, and the French about fifteen hundred. Of the British, sixty-one were killed.

Townshend lost no time in making his position as strong as possible. Cannon were dragged up the path, and works were constructed. But the French within Quebec, dispirited at the loss of their leader, felt no disposition to make a continued resistance; and on the 18th of September, 1759, articles of capitulation having been agreed upon and signed, Quebec was surrendered, and the capital of Canada fell into the hands of the British. Their army marched into the town in form, the keys of the ports were given up, and the British flag was raised on the citadel.

This battle of Quebec thus finished the campaign of that year and decided the fate of Canada. The next year the British troops found no difficulty in overcoming the small show of resistance which was made to them, and the 8th of September, 1760, was signed the capitulation which lost Canada to France, destroyed the French ascendancy in the New World forever, and secured to the Anglo-Saxon race undisputed dominion in North America.

An angry letter, especially if the writer be well loved, is so much fiercer than an angry speech, so much more unendurable. There the words remain scorching, not to be explained away, not to be atoned for by a kiss, not to be softened down by the word of love that may follow so quickly upon spoken anger. Heaven defend me from angry letters. They should never be written, unless to schoolboys and men at college, and not often to them if they be any way tender-hearted. This, at least, should be a rule through the letter-writing world, that no angry letter shall be posted till four-and-twenty hours

shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule, that of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! Sit down and write your letter. Write it with all the venom in your power; spit out your spleen at the fullest—it will do you good. You think you have been injured. Say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk, and as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the next morning. Believe me, that you will then have a double gratification.—*The Bertrams.*

From The Boston Daily Advertiser.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER,

In the Music Hall in Boston, on the 17th of September, 1859.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.*

May it please Your Excellency:—

ON behalf of those by whose contributions this statue of Mr. Webster has been procured, and of the Committee intrusted with the care of its erection, it is my pleasing duty to return to you, and through you to the Legislature of the Commonwealth, our dutiful acknowledgments, for the permission kindly accorded to us, to place the statue in the public grounds. We feel, sir, that in allowing this monumental work to be erected in front of the capitol of the State, a distinguished honor has been paid to the memory of Mr. Webster.

To you, sir, in particular, whose influence was liberally employed to promote this result, and whose personal attendance and participation have added so much to the interest of the day, we are under the highest obligations.

To you, also, Mr. Mayor, and to the City Council, we return our cordial thanks for your kind consent to act on our behalf, in delivering this cherished memorial of our honored fellow-citizen into the custody of the Commonwealth, and for your sympathy and assistance in the duties of the occasion.

To you, our distinguished guests, and to you, fellow-citizens, of either sex, who come to unite with us in rendering these monumental honors, who adorn the occasion with your presence, and cheer us with your countenance and favor, we tender a respectful and grateful welcome.

The inclemency of the weather has, as you are well aware, made a change in our arrangements for your reception necessary, and compelled us to flee from the public grounds to this spacious hall. But we will not murmur at this slight inconvenience. We are

* Some portions of this discourse were omitted in the delivery, in consequence of its length.

not the only children for whom the Universal Parent cares. The rain, which has incommoded and disappointed us, is most welcome to the husbandman and the farmer. It will yield their last fulness to the maturing fruits and grains; it will clothe the parched fields with autumnal verdure, and revive the failing pasturage; it will replenish the exhausted springs and thus promote the comfort of beast and of man. We have no reason to lament, that, while with these simple ceremonies, we dedicate the statue of Daniel Webster within these walls, the work of human hands, the genial skies are baptizing it with gentle showers, beneath the cope of heaven.

It has been the custom, from the remotest antiquity, to preserve and to hand down to posterity, in bronze and in marble, the counterfeit presentment of illustrious men. Within the last few years modern research has brought to light, on the banks of the Tigris, huge slabs of alabaster, buried for ages, which exhibit in relief the faces and the persons of men, who governed the primeval East in the gray dawn of history. Three thousand years have elapsed since they lived and reigned, and built palaces, and fortified cities, and waged war, and gained victories, of which the trophies are carved upon these monumental tablets,—the triumphal procession, the chariots laden with spoil, the drooping captives, the conquered monarch in chains,—but the legends inscribed upon the stone are imperfectly deciphered, and little beyond the names of the personages, and the most general tradition of their exploits is preserved. In like manner, the obelisks and the temples of ancient Egypt are covered with the sculptured images of whole dynasties of Pharaohs,—older than Moses, older than Joseph,—whose titles are recorded in the hieroglyphics, with which the granite is charged, and which are

gradually yielding up their long-concealed mysteries to the sagacity of modern criticism. The plastic arts, as they passed into Hellas, with all the other arts which give grace and dignity to our nature, reached a perfection unknown to Egypt or Assyria; and the heroes and sages of Greece and Rome, immortalized by the sculptor, still people the galleries and museums of the modern world. In every succeeding age and in every country, in which the fine arts have been cultivated, the respect and affection of survivors have found a pure and rational gratification, in the historical portrait and the monumental statue of the honored and loved in private life, and especially of the great and good who have deserved well of their country. Public esteem and confidence and private affection, the gratitude of the community, and the fond memories of the fireside, have ever sought, in this way, to prolong the sensible existence of their beloved and respected objects. What though the dear and honored features and person, on which while living we never gazed without tenderness or veneration, have been taken from us;—something of the loveliness, something of the majesty abides in the portrait, the bust, and the statue. The heart bereft of the living originals turns to them, and cold and silent as they are, they strengthen and animate the cherished recollections of the loved, the honored, and the lost.

The skill of the painter and the sculptor which thus comes in aid of the memory and imagination, is, in its highest degree, one of the rarest, as it is one of the most exquisite accomplishments within our attainment, and in its perfection as seldom witnessed as the perfection of speech or of music. The plastic hand must be moved by the same ethereal instinct, as the eloquent lips or the recording pen. The number of those who, in the language of Michael Angelo, can discern the finished statue, in the heart of the shapeless block and bid it start into artistic life,—who are endowed with the exquisite gift of moulding the rigid bronze or the lifeless marble into graceful, majestic, and expressive forms, is not greater than the number of those, who are able, with equal majesty, grace, and expressiveness, to make the spiritual essence,—the finest shades of thought and feeling,—sensible to the mind, through the eye and the ear, in the mysterious embodiment of the written and the spoken word. If Athens in her

palmyest days had but one Pericles, she had also but one Phidias.

Nor are these beautiful and noble arts, by which the face and the form of the departed are preserved to us,—calling into the highest exercise as they do all the imitative and idealizing powers of the painter and the sculptor,—the least instructive of our teachers. The portraits and the statues of the honored dead kindle the generous ambition of the youthful aspirant to fame. Themistocles could not sleep for the trophies in the Ceramicus; and when the living Demosthenes to whom you, sir (Mr. Felton), have alluded, had ceased to speak, the stony lips remained to rebuke and exhort his degenerate countrymen. More than a hundred years have elapsed since the great Newton passed away; but from age to age his statue by Roubillac, in the ante-chapel of Trinity College, will give distinctness to the conceptions formed of him by hundreds and thousands of ardent, youthful spirits, filled with reverence for that transcendent intellect, which from the phenomena that fall within our limited vision, deduced the imperial law, by which the Sovereign Mind rules the entire universe. We can never look on the person of Washington, but his serene and noble countenance, perpetuated by the pencil and the chisel, is familiar to far greater multitudes than ever stood in his living presence, and will be thus familiar to the latest generation.

What parent, as he conducts his son to Mount Auburn or to Bunker Hill, will not as he pauses before their monumental statues seek to heighten his reverence for virtue, for patriotism, for science, for learning, for devotion to the public good, as he bids him contemplate the form of that grave and venerable Winthrop, who left his pleasant home in England to come and found a new republic in this untrodden wilderness; of that ardent and intrepid Otis, who first struck out the spark of American independence; of that noble Adams, its most eloquent champion on the floor of Congress; of that martyr Warren, who laid down his life in its defence; of that self-taught Bowditch, who, without a guide, threaded the starry mazes of the heavens; of that Story, honored at home and abroad as one of the brightest luminaries of the law, and by a felicity, of which I believe there is no other example, admirably portrayed in marble by his son? What citizen of Boston, as he

accompanies the stranger around our streets, guiding him through our busy thoroughfares, to our wharves crowded with vessels which range every sea and gather the produce of every climate,—up to the dome of this capitol, which commands as lovely a landscape as can delight the eye or gladden the heart, will not, as he calls his attention at last to the statues of Franklin and Webster, exclaim, "Boston takes pride in her natural position, she rejoices in her beautiful environs, she is grateful for her material prosperity; but richer than the merchandise stored in palatial warehouses, greener than the slopes of sea-girt islets, lovelier than this encircling panorama of land and sea, of field and hamlet, of lake and stream, of garden and grove, is the memory of her sons, native and adopted; the character, services, and fame of those who have benefited and adorned their day and generation. Our children, and the schools at which they are trained, our citizens and the services they have rendered—these are our jewels,—these our abiding treasures."

Yes, your long rows of quarried granite may crumble to the dust; the cornfields in yonder villages, ripening to the sickle, may, like the plains of stricken Lombardy, a few weeks ago, be kneaded into bloody clods by the maddening wheels of artillery; this populous city, like the old cities of Etruria and the Campagna Romana, may be desolated by the pestilence which walketh in darkness, may decay with the lapse of time, and the busy mart, which now rings with the joyous din of trade, become as lonely and still as Carthage or Tyre, as Babylon and Nineveh, but the names of the great and good shall survive the desolation and the ruin; the memory of the wise, the brave, the patriotic shall never perish. Yes, Sparta is a wheatfield;—a Bavarian prince holds court at the foot of the Acropolis;—the travelling virtuoso digs for marbles in the Roman Forum and beneath the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus: but Lysurgus and Leonidas, and Miltiades and Demosthenes, and Cato and Tully "still live;" and HE still lives, and all the great and good shall live in the heart of ages, while marble and bronze shall endure; and when marble and bronze have perished, they shall "still live" in memory, so long as men shall reverence Law, and honor Patriotism, and love Liberty!

EULOGIES AT THE TIME OF MR. WEBSTER'S DECEASE.

Seven years, within a few weeks, have passed since he, whose statue we inaugurate to-day, was taken from us. The voice of respectful and affectionate eulogy, which was uttered in this vicinity and city at the time, was promptly echoed throughout the country. The tribute paid to his memory, by friends, neighbors and fellow-citizens was responded to from the remotest corners of the Republic, by those who never gazed on his noble countenance, or listened to the deep melody of his voice. This city, which in early manhood he chose for his home; his associates in the honorable profession of which he rose to be the acknowledged head; the law school of the neighboring university speaking by the lips of one so well able to do justice to his legal pre-eminence; the college at which he was educated and whose chartered privileges he had successfully maintained before the highest tribunal of the country; with other bodies and other eulogists, at the bar, in the pulpit, and on the platform, throughout the Union, in numbers greater, I believe, than have ever spoken on any other similar occasion, except that of the death of Washington, joined with the almost unanimous press of the country, in one chorus of admiration of his talents, recognition of his patriotic services, and respect and affection for his memory.

Nor have these offerings been made at his tomb alone. Twice or thrice since his death, once within a few months,—the anniversary of his birthday, has called forth, at the table of patriotic festivity, the voice of fervid eulogy and affectionate commemoration. In this way and on these occasions, his character has been delineated by those best able to do justice to his powers and attainments, to appreciate his services, to take the measure, if I may so say, of his colossal mental stature. Without going beyond this immediate neighborhood, and in no degree ungrateful for the liberality or insensible to the ability with which he has been eulogized in other parts of the country, what need be said, what can be said in the hearing of those who have listened to Hillard, to Chief Justice Parker, to Cushing, and to our lamented Choate, whose discourse on Mr. Webster at Dartmouth College appears to me as magnificent a eulogium as was ever pronounced?

What can be said that has not been better said before;—what need be said now that seven added years in the political progress of the country, seven years of respectful and affectionate recollection on the part of those who now occupy the stage, have confirmed his title to the large place, which, while he lived, he filled in the public mind? While he yet bore a part in the councils of the Union, he shared the fate which, in all countries, and especially in all free countries, awaits commanding talent and eminent position;—which no great man in our history—not Washington himself—has ever escaped; which none can escape, but those who are too feeble to provoke opposition, too obscure for jealousy. But now that he has rested for years in his honored grave, what generous nature is not pleased to strew flowers on the sod? What honorable opponent, still faithful to principle, is not willing that all in which he differed from him should be referred, without bitterness, to the impartial arbitrament of time; and that all that he respected and loved should be cordially remembered? What public man, especially who, with whatever differences of judgment of men or measures, has borne on his own shoulders the heavy burden of responsibility,—who has felt how hard it is, in the larger complication of affairs, at all times, to meet the expectations of an intelligent and watchful, but impulsive and not always thoroughly instructed, public; how difficult sometimes to satisfy his own judgment,—is not willing that the noble qualities and patriotic services of Webster should be honorably recorded in the book of the country's remembrance, and his statue set up in the Pantheon of her illustrious sons?

POSTHUMOUS HONORS.

These posthumous honors lovingly paid to departed worth, are among the compensations which a kind Providence vouchsafes for the unavoidable conflicts of judgment and stern collisions of party, which make the political career always arduous, even when pursued with the greatest success, generally precarious, sometimes destructive of health and even life. It is impossible under free governments to prevent the existence of party; not less impossible that parties should be conducted with spirit and vigor without more or less injustice done and suffered, more or less gross uncharitableness and bitter denunciation. Be-

sides, with the utmost effort at impartiality, it is not within the competence of our frail capacities to do full justice at the time to a character of varied and towering greatness, engaged in an active and responsible political career. The truth of his principles, the wisdom of his counsels, the value of his services must be seen in their fruits, and the richest fruits are not those of the most rapid growth. The wisdom of antiquity pronounced that no one was to be deemed happy until after death; not merely because he was then first placed beyond the vicissitudes of human fortune, but because then only the rival interests, the discordant judgments, the hostile passions of contemporaries are, in ordinary cases, no longer concerned to question his merits. Horace, with gross adulation, sung to his imperial master, Augustus, that he alone of the great of the earth ever received while living the full meed of praise. All the other great benefactors of mankind, the inventors of arts the destroyers of monsters, the civilizers of states, found by experience that unpopularity was appeased by death alone.*

That solemn event, which terminates the material existence, becomes by the sober revisions of contemporary judgment, aided by offices of respectful and affectionate commemoration, the commencement of a nobler life on earth. The wakeful eyes are closed, the feverish pulse is still, the tired and trembling limbs are relieved from their labors, and the aching head is laid to rest on the lap of its mother earth, like a play-worn child at the close of a summer's day; but all that we honored and loved in the living man begins to live again in a new and higher being of influence and fame. It was given but to a limited number to listen to the living voice, and they can never listen to it again; but the wise teachings, the grave admonitions, the patriotic exhortations which fell from his tongue will be gathered together and garnered up in the memory of millions. The cares, the toils, the sorrows; the conflicts with others, the conflicts of the fervent spirit with itself; the sad accidents of humanity, the fears of the brave, the follies of the wise, the errors of the learned; all that dashed the cup of enjoyment with bitter drops and strewn sorrowful ashes over the beauty of expectation and promise; the treacherous friend, the ungenerous rival, the mean and malignant foe; the uncharitable

* *Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.*

prejudice which withheld the just tribute of praise, the human frailty which wove sharp thorns into the wreath of solid merit;—all these in ordinary cases are buried in the grave of the illustrious dead; while their brilliant talents, their deeds of benevolence and public spirit, their wise and eloquent words, their healing counsels, their generous affections, the whole man, in short, whom we revered and loved and would fain imitate, especially when his image is impressed upon our recollections by the pencil or the chisel, goes forth to the admiration of the latest posterity. *Extinctus amabitur idem.*

THE OBSEQUIES OF MR. CHOATE.

Our city has lately witnessed a most beautiful instance of this re-animating power of death. A few weeks since, we followed toward the tomb the lifeless remains of our lamented Choate. Well may we consecrate a moment even of this hour, to him who, in that admirable discourse to which I have already alluded, did such noble justice to himself and the great subject of his eulogy. A short time before the decease of our much-honored friend, I had seen him shattered by disease, his all-persuasive voice faint and languid, his beaming eye quenched, and as he left us in search of health in a foreign clime, a painful image and a sad foreboding, too soon fulfilled, dwelt upon my mind. But on the morning of the day when we were to pay the last sad offices to our friend, the 23d of July, with a sad, let me not say a repining, thought, that so much talent, so much learning, so much eloquence, so much wit, so much wisdom, so much force of intellect, so much kindness of heart were taken from us, an engraved likeness of him was brought to me, in which he seemed to live again. The shadows of disease and suffering had passed from the brow, the well-remembered countenance was clothed with its wonted serenity, a cheerful smile lighted up the features, genius kindled in the eye, persuasion hovered over the lips, and I felt as if I was going not to his funeral but his triumph. "Weep not for me," it seemed to say, "but weep for yourselves." And never while he dwelt among us in the feeble tabernacle of the flesh—never while the overtaken spirit seemed to exhaust the delicate frame—never as I had listened to the melody of his living voice, did he speak to my imagination and heart with such a touching though silent

eloquence, as when we followed his hearse along these streets, that bright mid-summer's noon, up the *via sacra* in front of this capitol slowly moving to the solemn beat of grand dead marches, as they swelled from wailing clarion and muffled drum, while the minute guns from yonder lawn responded to the passing bell from yonder steeple. I then understood the sublime significance of the words, which Cicero puts in the mouth of Cato, that the mind, elevated to the foresight of posterity, when departing from this life, begins at length to live; yea, the sublimer words of a greater than Cicero, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" And then, as we passed the abodes of those whom he knew, and honored and loved, and who had gone before; of Lawrence here on the left; of Prescott yonder on the right; this home where Hancock lived and Washington was received; this where Lafayette sojourned; this capitol where his own political course began, and on which so many patriotic memories are concentrated, I felt, not as if we were conducting another frail and weary body to the tomb, but as if we were escorting a noble brother to the congenial company of the departed great and good; and I was ready myself to exclaim, "*O præclarum diem, cum ad illud divinum animorum concilium cætumque profisciscar, cumque ex hac turba et colluvione, discedam.*"

THE PERIOD IN WHICH MR. WEBSTER LIVED.

It will not, I think, be expected of me to undertake the superfluous task of narrating in great detail the well-known events of Mr. Webster's life, or of attempting an elaborate delineation of that character to which such ample justice has already been done by master hands. I deem it sufficient to say in general, that, referred to all the standards by which public character can be estimated, he exhibited in a rare degree the qualities of a truly great man.

The period at which Mr. Webster came forward in life, and during which he played so distinguished a part, was not one in which small men, dependent upon their own exertions, are likely to rise to a high place in public estimation. The present generation of young men are hardly aware of the vehemence of the storms that shook the world at the time when Mr. Webster became old enough to form the first childish conceptions of the

nature of the events in progress at home and abroad. His recollections, he tells us in an autobiographical sketch, went back to the year 1790,—a year when the political system of continental Europe was about to plunge into a state of frightful disintegration, while, under the new Constitution, the United States were commencing an unexampled career of prosperity; Washington just entering upon the first Presidency of the new-born republic; the reins of the oldest monarchy in Europe slipping, besmeared with blood, from the hands of the descendant of thirty generations of kings. The fearful struggle between France and the allied powers succeeded, which strained the resources of the European governments to their utmost tension. Armies and navies were arrayed against each other, such as the civilized world had never seen before, and wars waged beyond all former experience. The storm passed over the continent as a tornado passes through a forest, when it comes rolling and roaring from the clouds, and prostrates the growth of centuries in its path. England, in virtue of her insular position, her naval power, and her free institutions, had, more than any other foreign country, weathered the storm; but Russia saw the Arctic sky lighted with the flames of her old Muscovite capital; the shadowy Kaisers of the House of Hapsburg were compelled to abdicate the crown of the Holy Roman Empire and accept as a substitute that of Austria; Prussia, staggering from Jena, trembled on the verge of political annihilation; the other German States, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and the Spanish Peninsula were convulsed; Egypt overrun; Constantinople and the East threatened; and in many of these states, institutions, laws, ideas, and manners were changed as effectually as dynasties. With the downfall of Napoleon a partial reconstruction of the old forms took place, but the political genius of the continent of Europe was revolutionized.

On this side of the Atlantic, the United States, though studying an impartial neutrality, were drawn at first to some extent into the outer circles of the terrific maelstrom; but soon escaping they started upon a career of national growth and development of which the world has witnessed no other example. Meantime, the Spanish and the Portuguese viceroyalties south of us, from Mexico to Cape Horn, asserted their independence, that

Castilian empire on which the sun never set was dismembered, and the golden chain was forever sundered, by which Columbus had linked half his new-found world to the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Such was the crowd and the importance of the events, in which, from his childhood up, the life of Mr. Webster and of the generation, to which he belonged was passed, and I can with all sincerity say, that it has never been my fortune, in Europe or America, to hold intercourse with any person who seemed to me to penetrate further than he had done into the spirit of the age, under its successive phases of dissolution, chaos, reconstruction, and progress. Born and bred on the verge of the wilderness (his father a veteran of those old French and Indian wars, in which, in the middle of the eighteenth century, wild men came out of the woods, to wage war with the tomahawk and the scalping knife, against the fireside and the cradle), with the slenderest opportunities for early education, entering life with scarce the usual facilities for reading the riddle of foreign statecraft, remote from the scene of action, relying upon sources of information equally open to all the world,—he seemed to me, nevertheless, by the instinct of a great capacity, to have comprehended in all its aspects the march of events in Europe and this country. He surveyed the agitations of the age with calmness, deprecated its excesses, sympathized with its progressive tendencies, rejoiced in its triumphs. His first words in Congress, when he came unannounced from his native hills in 1813, proclaimed his mastery of the perplexed web of European politics, in which the United States were then but too deeply entangled; and from that time till his death I think we all felt, those who differed from him as well as those who agreed with him, that he was in no degree below the standard of his time; that if Providence had cast his lot in the field where the great destinies of Europe are decided, this poor New Hampshire youth would have carried his head as high among the Metternichs, the Neselrodes, the Hardenbergs, the Tallyrands, the Castlereaghs of the day, and surely among their successors who now occupy the stage, as he did among his contemporaries at home.

HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Let me not be thought, however, in this

remark, to intimate that these contemporaries at home were second-rate men; far otherwise. It has sometimes seemed to me that, owing to the natural reverence in which we hold the leaders of the revolutionary period,—the heroic age of the country,—and those of the constitutional age who brought out of chaos this august system of confederate republicanism, we hardly do full justice to the third period in our political history, which may be dated from about the time when Mr. Webster came into political life, and continued through the first part of his career. The heroes and sages of the revolutionary and constitutional period were indeed gone. Washington, Franklin, Greene, Hamilton, Morris, Jay, slept in their honored graves. John Adams, Jefferson, Carroll, though surviving, were withdrawn from affairs. But Madison, who contributed so much to the formation and adoption of the Constitution, was at the helm; Monroe in the Cabinet; John Quincy Adams, Gallatin, and Bayard negotiating in Europe; in the Senate were Rufus King, Christopher Gore, Jeremiah Mason, Giles, Otis; in the House of Representatives, Pinckney, Clay, Lowndes, Cheves, Calhoun, Gaston, Forsyth, Randolph, Oakley, Pitkin, Grosvenor; on the bench of the Supreme Court, Marshall, Livingston, Story; at the bar, Dexter, Emmet, Pinkney, and Wirt; with many distinguished men not at that time in the general government, of whom it is enough to name Dewitt Clinton and Chancellor Kent. It was my privilege to see Mr. Webster associated and mingling with nearly all these eminent men and their successors, not only in later years, but in my own youth, and when he first came forward, unknown as yet to the country at large, scarcely known to himself, not arrogant, nor yet unconscious of his mighty powers, tied to a laborious profession in a narrow range of practice, but glowing with a generous ambition, and not afraid to grapple with the strongest and boldest in the land. The opinion pronounced of him, at the commencement of his career, by Mr. Lowndes, that "the South had not in Congress his superior nor the North his equal," savors, in the form of expression, of sectional partiality. If it had been said, that neither at the South nor the North had any public man risen more rapidly to a brilliant reputation, no one, I think, would have denied the justice of the remark. He stood, from the first, the

acknowledged equal of the most distinguished of his associates. In later years, he acted with the successors of those I have named; with Benton, Burges, Edward Livingston, Hayne, McDuffie, McLean, Sergeant, Clayton, Wilde, Storrs, our own Bates, Davis, Gorham, Choate, and others who still survive; but it will readily be admitted that he never sunk from the position which he assumed at the outset of his career, or stood second to any man in any part of the country.

THE QUESTIONS DISCUSSED IN HIS TIME.

If we now look for a moment at the public questions with which he was called to deal in the course of his career, and with which he did deal, in the most masterly manner, as they successively came up, we shall find new proofs of his great ability. When he first came forward in life, the two great belligerent powers of Europe, contending with each other for the mastery of the world, despising our youthful weakness and impatient of our gainful neutrality, in violation now admitted of the Law of Nations, emulated each other in the war waged upon our commerce and the insults offered to our flag. To engage in a contest with both would have been madness; the choice of the antagonist was a question of difficulty, and well calculated to furnish topics of reproach and recrimination. Whichever side you adopted, your opponent regarded you as being, in a great national struggle, the apologist of an unfriendly foreign power. In 1798, the United States chose France for their enemy; in 1812, Great Britain. War was declared against the latter country on the 18th of June, 1812;—the orders in Council, which were the immediate cause of the war, were rescinded five days afterwards. Such are the narrow chances on which the fortunes of states depend!

Great questions of domestic and foreign policy followed the close of war. Of the former class were the restoration of a currency which should truly represent the values which it nominally circulated,—a result mainly brought about by a resolution moved by Mr. Webster;—the fiscal system of the Union, and the best mode of connecting the collection, safe-keeping, and disbursement of the public funds, with the commercial wants, and especially with the exchanges of the country;—the stability of the manufactures, which had been called into existence during the war;—

what can constitutionally be done?—ought any thing as a matter of policy to be done by Congress, to protect them from the competition of foreign skill, and the glut of foreign markets?—the internal communications of the Union, a question of paramount interest before the introduction of railroads;—can the central power do any thing?—what can it do, by roads and canals, to bind the distant parts of the continent together?—the enlargement of the judicial system of the country to meet the wants of the greatly increased number of the states;—the revision of the criminal code of the United States, which was almost exclusively his work;—the administration of the public lands, and the best mode of filling with civilized and Christian homes this immense domain—the amplest heritage which was ever subjected to the control of a free government;—connected with the public domain, the relations of the civilized and dominant race to the aboriginal children of the soil;—and lastly, the constitutional questions on the nature of the government itself, which were raised in that gigantic controversy on the interpretation of the fundamental law itself. These were some of the most important domestic questions, which occupied the attention of Congress and the country, while Mr. Webster was on the stage.

Of questions connected with foreign affairs were those growing out of the war, which was in progress when he first became a member of Congress,—then the various questions of International Law, some of them as novel as they were important, which had reference to the entrance or the attempted entrance of so many new states into the family of nations; in Europe,—Greece, Belgium, Hungary;—on this continent, twelve or fourteen new republics, great and small, bursting from the ruins of the Spanish colonial empire, like a group of asteroids from the wreck of an exploded planet;—the invitation of the infant American Republics to meet them in Congress at Panama;—our commercial relations with the British colonies in the West Indies and on this continent;—demands on several European states for spoiliations on our commerce during the wars of the French Revolution;—our secular controversy with England relative to the boundary of the United States on the North-eastern and Pacific frontiers;—our relations with Mexico, previous to the war;—the immunity of the American flag upon the com-

mon jurisdiction of the ocean;—and more important than all other questions, foreign or domestic, in its influence upon the general politics of the country, the great sectional controversy,—not then first commenced, but greatly increased in warmth and urgency,—which connected itself with the organization of the newly acquired Mexican territories.

Such were the chief questions on which it was Mr. Webster's duty to form opinions; as an influential member of Congress and a political leader to speak and to vote; as a member of the executive government to exercise a powerful, over some of them, a decisive, control. Besides these there was another class of questions, of great public importance, which came up for adjudication in the Courts of the United States, which he was called professionally to discuss. Many of the questions of each class now referred to, divided and still divide opinion; excited and still excite the feelings of individuals, of parties, of sections of the country. There are some of them, which, in the course of a long life, under changing circumstances, are likely to be differently viewed at different periods by the same individual. I am not here to-day to rake off the warm ashes from the embers of controversies which have spent their fury and are dying away, or to fan the fires of those which still burn. But no one, I think, whether he agreed with Mr. Webster or differed from him, as to any of these questions, will deny that he treated them each and all as they came up in the Senate, in the Courts, or in negotiation with foreign powers, in a broad, statesmanlike, and masterly way. There are few who would not confess, when they agreed with him, that he had expressed their opinions better than they could do it themselves; few when they differed from him, who would not admit that he had maintained his own views manfully, powerfully, and liberally.

HIS CAREER AS A STATESMAN.

Such was the period in which Mr. Webster lived, such were the associates with whom he acted, the questions with which he had to deal, as statesman, jurist, the head of an administration of the government, and a public speaker. Let us contemplate him for a moment in either capacity.

Without passing through the preliminary stage of the State Legislature, and elected to Congress in six years from the time of his ad-

mission to the Superior Court of New Hampshire, he was on his first entrance into the House of Representatives placed by Mr. Speaker Clay on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and took rank forthwith as one of the leading statesmen of the day. His first speech had reference to those famous Berlin and Milan decrees and orders in Council, to which I have already alluded, and the impression produced by it was such as to lead the venerable Chief Justice Marshall, eighteen years afterwards, in writing to Mr. Justice Story, to say, "At the time when this speech was delivered I did not know Mr. Webster, but I was so much struck with it that I did not hesitate then to state, that he was a very able man, and would become one of the very first statesmen in America, perhaps the very first."

His mind at the very outset of his career had by a kind of instinct soared from the principles which govern the municipal relations of individuals, to those great rules which dictate the Law of Nations to independent states. He tells us, in the fragment of a diary kept while he was a law student in Mr. Gore's office, that he then read Vattel through for the third time. Accordingly, in after life, there was no subject which he discussed with greater pleasure, and I may add with greater power, than questions of the Law of Nations. The Revolution of Greece had from its outbreak attracted much of the attention of the civilized world. A people whose ancestors had originally taught letters and arts to mankind, struggling to regain a place in the great family of independent states,—the convulsive efforts of a Christian people, the foundation of whose churches by the apostles in person is recorded in the New Testament, to shake off the yoke of Mahomedan despotism,—possessed a strange interest for the friends of Christian Liberty throughout Europe and America. President Monroe had called the attention of Congress to this most interesting struggle, in December, 1823; and Mr. Webster returning to Congress after a retirement of eight years, as the Representative of Boston, made the Greek Revolution the subject of a motion and a speech. In this speech he treated what he called "the great question of the day—the question between absolute and regulated governments." He engaged in a searching criticism of the doctrines of the "Holy Alliance," and maintained the duty of the United States, as a great free power, to

protest against them. That speech remains in my judgment to this day the ablest and most effective remonstrance against the principles of the allied military powers of continental Europe. Mr. Jeremiah Mason pronounced it "the best sample of parliamentary eloquence and statesmanlike reasoning which our country had seen." His indignant protest against the spirit of absolutism, and his words of sympathy with an infant people struggling for independence, were borne on the wings of the wind throughout Christendom. They were read in every language, at every court, in every cabinet, in every reading-room, on every market-place, by the Republicans of Mexico and Spanish South America, by the Reformers of Italy, the Patriots of Poland, on the Tagus, on the Danube, as well as at the head of the little armies of revolutionary Greece. The practical impression which it made on the American mind was seen in the liberality with which cargoes of food and clothing, a year or two afterwards, were despatched to the relief of the Greeks. No legislative or executive measure was adopted at that time in consequence of Mr. Webster's motion and speech; probably none was anticipated by him; but no one who considers how much the march of events in such cases is influenced by the moral sentiments, will doubt that a great word like this spoken in the American Congress, must have had no slight effect in cheering the heart of Greece, to persevere in their unequal but finally successful struggle.

It was by these masterly parliamentary efforts that Mr. Webster left his mark on the age in which he lived. His fidelity to his convictions kept him for the greater part of his life in a minority,—a position which he regarded, not as a proscription, but as a post of honor and duty. He felt that in free governments and in a normal state of parties, an opposition is a political necessity, and that it has its duties not less responsible than those which attach to office. Before the importance of Mr. Webster's political services is disparaged for want of positive results, which can only be brought about by those who are clothed with power, it must be shown that to raise a persuasive and convincing voice in the vindication of truth and right, to uphold and assert the true principles of the government under which we live, and bring them home to the hearts of the people,—to do this from a

sense of patriotic duty and without hope of the honors and emoluments of office,—to do it so as to instruct the public conscience and warm the public heart,—is a less meritorious service to society than to touch with skilful hand the springs of party politics, and to hold together the often discordant elements of ill-compacted majorities.

The greatest parliamentary effort made by Mr. Webster was his second speech on Foot's resolution; the question at issue being nothing less than this: Is the Constitution of the United States a compact, without a common umpire, between confederated sovereignties, or is it a government of the people of the United States, sovereign within the sphere of its delegated powers, but reserving a great mass of undelegated rights to the separate state governments and the people? With those who embrace the opinions which Mr. Webster combated in this speech, this is not the time nor the place to engage in an argument; but those who believe that he maintained the true principles of the Constitution will probably agree, that since that instrument was communicated to the Continental Congress seventy-two years ago this day, by George Washington, as President of the Federal Convention, no greater service has been rendered to them than in the delivery of this speech. Well do I recollect the occasion and the scene. It was truly what Wellington called the battle of Waterloo—a conflict of giants. I passed an hour and a half with Mr. Webster, at his request, the evening before this great effort, and he went over to me, from a very concise brief, the main topics of the speech, which he had prepared for the following day. So calm and unimpassioned was the memorandum—so entirely was he at ease himself, that I was tempted to think, absurdly enough, that he was not sufficiently aware of the magnitude of the occasion. But I soon perceived that his calmness was the repose of conscious power. He was not only at ease, but sportive and full of anecdote, and, as he told the Senate playfully the next day, he slept soundly that night on the formidable assault of his gallant and accomplished adversary. So the great Condé slept on the eve of the battle of Rocroi—so Alexander slept on the eve of the battle of Arbela—and so they awoke to deeds of immortal fame. As I saw him in the evening (if I may borrow an illustration from his favorite amusement), he was

as unconcerned and as free of spirit, as some here have often seen him, while floating in his fishing boat along a hazy shore, gently rocking on the tranquil tide, dropping his line here and there, with the varying fortune of the sport. The next morning he was like some mighty admiral, dark and terrible, casting the long shadow of his frowning tiers far over the sea, that seemed to sink beneath him; his broad pendant streaming at the main, the stars and the stripes at the fore, the mizzen, and the peak, and bearing down like a tempest upon his antagonist, with all his canvas strained to the wind, and all his thunders roaring from his broadsides.

AS A JURIST.

Mr. Webster's career was not less brilliant as a jurist than as a statesman. In fact, he possessed, in an eminent degree, a judicial mind. While performing an amount of congressional and official labor sufficient to fill the busiest day and to task the strongest powers, he yet sustained with a giant's strength the Herculean toils of his profession. At the very commencement of his legal studies, resisting the fascination of a more liberal course of reading, he laid his foundations deep in the common law; grappled as well as he might with the weary subtleties and obsolete technicalities of Coke Littleton, and abstracted and translated volumes of reports from the Norman French and Latin. A few years of practice follow in the Courts of New Hampshire, interrupted by his service in Congress for two political terms, and we find him at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, inaugurating, in the Dartmouth College case, what may be called a new school of constitutional jurisprudence.

It would be a waste of time to speak of that great case, or of Mr. Webster's connection with it. It is too freshly remembered in our tribunals. So novel at that time were the principles involved in it, that a member of the Court, after a cursory inspection of the record of the case, expressed the opinion that little of importance could be urged in behalf of the plaintiff in error; but so firm is the basis on which, in that and subsequent cases of a similar character, those principles were established, that they form one of the best settled, as they are one of the most important, portions of the constitutional law of the Union.

Not less important, and, at the time, not

less novel, were the principles involved in the celebrated case of Gibbons and Ogden. This case grew out of a grant, by the State of New York to the assignees of Fulton, of the exclusive right to navigate by steam the rivers, harbors, and bays of the Empire State. Twenty-five years afterwards, Mr. Justice Wayne gave to Mr. Webster the credit of having laid down the broad constitutional ground on which the navigable waters of the United States, "every creek and river and lake and bay and harbor in the country," was forever rescued from the grasp of state monopoly. So failed the intention of the Legislature of New York to secure a rich pecuniary reward to the great perfecter of steam navigation; so must have failed any attempt to compensate by money the inestimable achievement. Monopolies could not reward it; silver and gold could not weigh down its value. Small services are paid with money; large ones with fame. Fulton had his reward when, after twenty years of unsuccessful experiment and hope deferred, he made the passage to Albany by steam; as Franklin had his reward when he saw the fibres of the cord which held his kite stiffening with the electricity they had drawn from the thundercloud; as Galileo had his when he pointed his little tube to the heavens and discovered the Medicean stars; as Columbus had his when he beheld from the deck of his vessel a moving light on the shores of his new-found world. That one glowing, unutterable thrill of conscious success is too exquisite to be alloyed with baser metal. The midnight vigils, the aching eyes, the fainting hopes turned at last into one bewildering ecstasy of triumph, cannot be repaid with gold. The great discoveries, improvements, and inventions which benefit mankind can only be rewarded by opposition, obloquy, poverty, and an undying name!

Time would fail me, were I otherwise equal to the task, to dwell on the other great constitutional cases argued by Mr. Webster; those on state insolvent laws, the Bank of the United States, the Sailor's Snug Harbor, the Charlestown Bridge Franchise, or those other great cases on the validity of Mr. Girard's will, in which Mr. Webster's argument drew forth an emphatic acknowledgment from the citizens of Washington, of all denominations, for its great value "in demonstrating the vital importance of Christianity to the success of our free institutions, and that the general dif-

fusion of that argument among the people of the United States is a matter of deep public interest;" or the argument of the Rhode Island and charter case in 1848, which attracted no little public notice in Europe at that anxious period, as a masterly discussion of the true principles of constitutional obligation.

It would be superfluous, I might almost say impertinent, to remark that if Mr. Webster stood at the head of the constitutional lawyers of the country, he was not less distinguished in early and middle life in the ordinary walks of the profession. From a very early period he shared the best practice with the most eminent of his profession. The trial of Goodridge in 1817, and of Knapp in 1829, are still recollected as specimens of the highest professional skill, the latter, in fact, as a case of historical importance in the criminal jurisprudence of the country.

But, however distinguished his reputation in the other departments of his profession, his fame as a jurist is mainly associated with the tribunals of the United States. The relation of the Federal Government to that of the States is peculiar to this country, and gives rise to a class of cases in the Supreme Court of the United States, to which there is nothing analogous in the jurisprudence of England. In that country nothing, not even the express words of a treaty, can be pleaded against an act of Parliament. The Supreme Court of the United States entertains questions which involve the constitutionality of the laws of state legislatures, the validity of the decrees of state courts, nay, of the constitutionality of acts of Congress itself. Every one feels that this range and elevation of jurisdiction must tend greatly to the respectability of practice at that forum, and give a breadth and liberality to the tone with which questions are there discussed, not so much to be looked for in the ordinary litigation of the common law. No one needs to be reminded how fully Mr. Webster felt, and in his own relations to it, sustained, the dignity of this tribunal. He regarded it as the great mediating power of the Constitution. He believed that while it commanded the confidence of the country, no serious derangement of any of the other great functions of the government was to be apprehended; if it should ever fail to do so, he feared the worst. For the memory of Marshall, the great and honored magistrate, who presided in this court for the third part of a

century, and did so much to raise its reputation and establish its influence, he cherished feelings of veneration second only to those which he bore to the memory of Washington.

AS A DIPLOMATIST.

In his political career Mr. Webster owed almost every thing to popular choice, or the favor of the Legislature of Massachusetts. He was, however, twice clothed with executive power, as the head of an Administration, and in that capacity achieved a diplomatic success of the highest order. Among the victories of peace not less renowned than those of war which Milton celebrates, the first place is surely due to those friendly arrangements between great powers, by which war is averted. Such an arrangement was effected by Mr. Webster in 1842, in reference to more than one highly irritating question, between this country and Great Britain, and especially the North-eastern Boundary of the United States. I allude to the subject, not for the sake of reopening obsolete controversies, but for the purpose of vindicating his memory from the charges of disingenuousness and even fraud, which were brought against him at the time in England, and which have very lately been revived in that country. I do it the rather as the facts of the case have never been fully stated.

The North-eastern Boundary of the United States, which was described by the treaty of 1783, had never been surveyed and run. It was still unsettled in 1842, and had become the subject of a controversy, which had resisted the ability of several successive administrations, on both sides of the water, and had nearly exhausted the resources of arbitration and diplomacy. Border collisions, though happily no bloodshed, had taken place; seventeen regiments had been thrown into the British provinces; General Scott had been despatched to the frontier of Maine; and our Minister in London (Mr. Stevenson) had written to the commander of the American squadron in the Mediterranean, that a collision, in his opinion, was inevitable.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Webster came into the Department of State, in the spring of 1841. He immediately gave an intimation to the British government that he was desirous of renewing the interrupted negotiation. A change of ministry took place in England, in the course of a few months,

and a resolution was soon taken by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, to send a special envoy to the United States, to make a last attempt to settle this dangerous dispute by negotiation. Lord Ashburton was selected for this honorable errand, and his known friendly relations with Mr. Webster were among the motives that prompted his appointment. It may be observed that the intrinsic difficulties of the negotiation were increased by the circumstance, that, as the disputed territory lay in the State of Maine, and the property of the soil was in Maine and Massachusetts, it was deemed necessary to obtain the consent of those states to any arrangement that might be entered into by the general government.

The length of time for which the question had been controverted, had, as usually happens in such cases, had the effect of fixing both parties more firmly in their opposite views of the subject. It was a pledge at least of the good faith with which the United States had conducted the discussion, that every thing in our archives bearing on the subject had been voluntarily spread before the world. On the other side, no part of the correspondence of the ministers who negotiated the treaty had ever been published, and whenever Americans were permitted for literary purposes to institute historical inquiries in the public offices in London, precautions were taken to prevent any thing from being brought to light, which might bear unfavorably on the British interpretation of the treaty.

The American interpretation of the treaty had been maintained, in its fullest extent, as far as I am aware, by every statesman in the country, of whatever party, to whom the question had ever been submitted. It had been thus maintained in good faith by an entire generation of public men of the highest intelligence and most unquestioned probity. The British government had, with equal confidence, maintained their interpretation. The attempt to settle the controversy by a reference to the King of the Netherlands had failed. In this state of things, as the boundary had remained unsettled for fifty-nine years, and had been controverted for more than twenty; as negotiation and arbitration had shown that neither party was likely to convince the other; and as in cases of this kind it is more important that a public con-

troversy should be settled than how it should be settled (of course within reasonable limits), Mr. Webster had from the first contemplated a conventional line. Such a line, and for the same reasons, was anticipated in Lord Ashburton's instructions, and was accordingly agreed upon by the two negotiators,—a line convenient and advantageous to both parties.

Such an adjustment, however, like that which had been proposed by the King of the Netherlands, was extremely distasteful to the people of Maine, who, standing on their rights, adhered with the greatest tenacity to the boundary described by the treaty of 1783, as the United States had always claimed it. As the opposition of Maine had prevented that arrangement from taking effect, there is great reason to suppose that it would have prevented the adoption of the conventional line agreed to by Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton, but for the following circumstance.

This was the discovery, the year before, by President Sparks, in the archives of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, at Paris, of a copy of a small map of North America, by D'Anville, published in 1746, on which a red line was drawn, indicating a boundary between the United States and Great Britain more favorable to the latter than she herself had claimed it. By whom it was marked, or for what purpose, did not appear from any indication on the map itself. There was also found, in the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, in a bound volume of official correspondence, a letter from Dr. Franklin to the Count de Vergennes, dated on the 6th of December (six days after the signature of the provisional articles), stating that, in compliance with the Count's request, and on a map sent him for the purpose, he had marked, "with a strong red line, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries."

The French archives had been searched by Mr. Canning's agents as long ago as 1827, but this map either escaped their notice, or had not been deemed by them of importance. The English and French maps of this region differ from each other, and it is known that the map used by the negotiators of the treaty of 1783 was Mitchell's large map of America, published under the official sanction of the Board of Trade in 1754. D'Anville's map was but eighteen inches square; and on so small a scale the difference of the two boundaries would be but slight, and consequently

open to mistake. The letter of the Count de Vergennes, transmitting a map to be marked, is not preserved, nor is there any endorsement on the red-line map to show that it is the map sent by the count and marked by Franklin. D'Anville's map was published in 1746, and it would surely be unwarrantable to take for granted, in a case of such importance, that, in the course of thirty years, it could not have been marked with a red line, for some other purpose, and by some other person. It would be equally rash to assume as certain, either that the map marked by Franklin for the Count de Vergennes was deposited by him in the public archives; or, if so deposited may not be still hid away among the sixty thousand maps contained in that depository. The official correspondence of Mr. Oswald, the British negotiator, was retained by the British minister in his own possession, and does not appear to have gone into the public archives.

In the absence of all evidence to connect Dr. Franklin's letter with the map, it could not, in a court of justice, have been received for a moment as a map marked by him; and any presumption that it was so marked was resisted by the language of the treaty. This point was urged in debate, with great force, by Lord Brougham, who, as well as Sir Robert Peel, liberally defended Mr. Webster from the charges which the opposition journals in London had brought against him.

Information of this map was, in the progress of the negotiation, very properly communicated to Mr. Webster by Mr. Sparks. For the reasons stated, it could not be admitted as *proving* anything. It was another piece of evidence of uncertain character, and Mr. Webster could have no assurance that the next day might not produce some other map equally strong or stronger on the American side; which, as I shall presently state, was soon done in London.

In this state of things, he made the only use of it which could be legitimately made, in communicating it to the commissioners of the State of Maine and Massachusetts, and to the Senate, as a piece of conflicting evidence, entitled to consideration, likely to be urged as of great importance by the opposite party, if the discussion should be renewed, increasing the difficulties which already surrounded the question, and thus furnishing new grounds for agreeing to the proposed conventional line. No one, I think, acquainted with the history

of the controversy, and the state of public opinion and feeling, can doubt that, but for this communication, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to procure the assent either of Maine or of the Senate to the treaty.

This would seem to be going as far as reason or honor required, in reference to an unauthenticated document, having none of the properties of legal evidence, not exhibited by the opposite party, and of a nature to be outweighed by contradictory evidence of the same kind, which was very soon done. But Mr. Webster was, at the time, severely censured by the opposition press in England, and was accused of "perfidy and want of good faith" (and this charge has lately been revived in an elaborate and circumstantial manner), for not going with this map to Lord Ashburton; entirely abandoning the American claim, and ceding the whole of the disputed territory, more even than she asked, to Great Britain, on the strength of this single piece of doubtful evidence.

Such a charge scarcely deserves an answer;—but two things will occur to all impartial persons,—one, that the red-line map, even had it been proved to have been marked by Franklin (which it is not), would be but one piece of evidence, to be weighed, with the words of the treaty, with all the other evidence in the case, and especially with the other maps; and, secondly, that such a course as it is pretended that Mr. Webster ought to have pursued, could only be reasonably required of him, on condition that the British government had also produced, or would undertake to produce, all the evidence, and especially all the maps in its possession, favorable to the American claim.

Now, not to urge against the red-line map, that, as was vigorously argued by Lord Brougham, it was at variance with the expressed words of the treaty, there were, according to Mr. Gallatin, the commissioner for preparing the claim of the United States, to be submitted to the arbiter in 1827, at least twelve maps, published in London, in the course of two years after the signature of the provisional articles in 1782, all of which give the boundary line precisely as claimed by the United States; and no map was published in London, favoring the British claim, till the third year. The earliest of these maps were prepared to illustrate the debates in Parlia-

ment on the treaty, or to illustrate the treaty in anticipation of the debate. None of the speakers on either side intimated that these maps are inaccurate, though some of the opposition speakers attacked the treaty as giving a disadvantageous boundary. One of these maps, that of Faden, the royal geographer, was stated on the face of it to be "drawn according to the treaty." Mr. Sparks is of opinion that Mr. Oswald, the British envoy by whom the treaty was negotiated, and who was in London when the earliest of the maps were engraved, was consulted by the map-makers on the subject of the boundary. At any rate, had they been inaccurate in this respect, either Mr. Oswald, or the minister, "who was vehemently assailed on account of the large concession of the boundaries," would have exposed the error. But neither by Mr. Oswald nor by any of the ministers was any complaint made of the inaccuracy of the maps.

One of these maps was that contained in *Bew's Political Magazine*, a respectable journal, for which it was prepared to illustrate the debate on the provisional articles of 1782. It happened that Lord Ashburton was calling upon me, about the time of the debate in the House of Commons on the merits of the Treaty, on the 21st of March, 1843. On my expressing to him the opinion, with the freedom warranted by our intimate friendly relations, that his government ought to be much obliged to him, for obtaining so much of a territory, of which I conscientiously believed the whole belonged to us, "What," asked he, "have you to oppose to the red-line map?" I replied that, in addition to the other objections already mentioned, I considered it to be outweighed by the numerous other maps which were published at London at the time, some of them to illustrate the treaty; and, among them, I added, "the map in the volume which happens to lie on my table at this moment," which was the volume of *Bew's Political Magazine*, to which I called his attention. He told me that he was unacquainted with that map, and desired that I would lend him the volume to show to Sir Robert Peel. This I did, and in his reply to Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel, holding this volume of mine in his hand, referred to the map contained in it, and "which follows," said he, "exactly the American line," as an offset to the red-line map, of which great

use had been made by the opposition in England, for the purpose of showing that Lord Ashburton had been overreached by Mr. Webster. In the course of his speech, he defended Mr. Webster, in the handsomest manner, from the charges brought against him in reference to this map, by the opposition press, and said that in his judgment "the reflections cast upon that most worthy and honorable man are unjust."

Nor was this all. The more effectually to remove the impression attempted to be raised, in consequence of the red-line map, that Lord Ashburton had been overreached, Sir Robert Peel stated—and the disclosure was now for the first time made—that there was, in the library of King George the Third (which had been given to the British Museum by George the Fourth), a copy of Mitchell's map, in which the boundary as delineated "follows exactly the line claimed by the United States." On four places upon this line are written the words, in a strong, bold hand, "The boundary as described by Mr. Oswald." There is documentary proof that Mr. Oswald sent the map used by him in negotiating the treaty to King George the Third, for his information; and Lord Brougham stated in his place, in the House of Peers, that the words, four times repeated in different parts of the line, were, in his opinion, written by the King himself! Having listened, and of course with the deepest interest, to the debate in the House of Commons, I sought the earliest opportunity of inspecting the map, which was readily granted to me by Lord Aberdeen. The boundary is marked in the most distinct and skilful manner, from the St. Croix all round to the St. Mary's, and is precisely that which has been always claimed by us. There is every reason to believe that this is the identical copy of Mitchell's map officially used by the negotiators, and sent by Mr. Oswald, as we learn from Dr. Franklin, to England. Sir Robert Peel informed me that it was unknown to him till after the treaty; and Lord Aberdeen and Lord Ashburton gave me the same assurance. It was well known, however, to the agent employed under Lord Melbourne's administration in maintaining the British claim, and who was foremost in vilifying Mr. Webster for concealing the red-line map!*

* Sir Robert Peel, with reference to the line on Oswald's map, observes, "I do not say that that was the boundary ultimately settled by the negotiators." Such, however, is certainly the case.

AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

I had intended to say a few words on Mr. Webster's transcendent ability as a public speaker, on the great national anniversaries, and the patriotic celebrations of the country. But it would be impossible, within the limits of a few paragraphs, to do any kind of justice to such efforts as the discourse on the twenty-second December, at Plymouth; the speeches on the laying the corner-stone and the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument; the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson; the character of Washington; the discourse on laying the foundation of the extension of the Capitol. What gravity and significance in the topics—what richness of illustration—what soundness of principle—what elevation of sentiment—what fervor in the patriotic appeals—what purity, vigor, and clearness in the style!

With reference to the first named of these admirable discourses, the elder President Adams declared that "Burke is no longer entitled to the praise—the most consummate orator of modern times." And it will, I think, be admitted by any one who shall attentively study them, that if Mr. Webster, with all his powers and all his attainments, had done nothing else but enrich the literature of the country with these performances, he would be allowed to have lived not unworthily, nor in vain. When we consider that they were produced under the severe pressure of professional and official engagements, numerous and arduous enough to task even his intellect, we are lost in admiration of the affluence of his mental resources.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLE AND MANNER.

In all the speeches, arguments, discourses, and compositions of every kind proceeding from Mr. Webster's lips or pen, there were certain general characteristics which I am unwilling to dismiss without a passing allusion. Each, of course, had its peculiar merits, according to the nature and importance of the subject, and the degree of pains bestowed by Mr. Webster on the discussion; but I find Mr. Jay's copy of Mitchell's map (which was also discovered after the negotiation of the treaty) exhibits a line running down the St. John's to its mouth, and called "Mr. Oswald's line." This is the line which Mr. O. offered to the American negotiators on the 8th of October. It was, however, not approved by the British government, and the line indicated in the map of King George the Third, as the "Boundary as described by Mr. Oswald" was finally agreed to.

some general qualities pervading them all. One of them is the extreme sobriety of the tone, the pervading common sense, the entire absence of that extravagance and overstatement which are so apt to creep into political harangues, and the discourses on patriotic anniversaries. His positions were taken strongly, clearly, and boldly, but without wordy amplification, or one-sided vehemence. You feel that your understanding is addressed, on behalf of a reasonable proposition, which rests neither on sentimental refinement nor rhetorical exaggeration. This is the case even in speeches like that on the Greek Revolution, where, in enlisting the aid of classical memories and Christian sympathies, it was so difficult to rest within the bounds of moderation.

This moderation not only characterizes Mr. Webster's parliamentary efforts, but is equally conspicuous in his discourses on popular and patriotic occasions, which, amidst all the inducements to barren declamation, are equally and always marked by the treatment of really important topics in a manly and instructive strain of argument and reflection.

Let it not be thought, however, that I would represent Mr. Webster's speeches in Congress or elsewhere as destitute, on proper occasions, of the most glowing appeals to the moral sentiments, or wanting, when the topic invites it, in any of the adornments of a magnificent rhetoric. Who that heard it, or has read it, will ever forget the desolating energy of his denunciation of the African Slave Trade, in the discourse at Plymouth; or the splendor of the apostrophe to Warren, in the first discourse on Bunker Hill; or that to the monumental shaft and the survivors of the Revolution in the second; or the trumpet-tones of the speech placed in the lips of John Adams, in the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson; or the sublime peroration of the speech on Foot's resolution; or the lyric fire of the imagery by which he illustrates the extent of the British empire; or the almost supernatural terror of his description of the force of conscience in the argument in Knapp's trial. Then, how bright and fresh the description of Niagara! how beautiful the picture of the Morning in his private correspondence, which, as well as his familiar conversation, were enlivened by the perpetual play of a joyous and fertile imagination! In a word, what tone in all the grand and melting music of our lan-

guage is there which is not heard in some portions of his speeches or writings; while reason, sense, and truth, compose the basis of the strain? Like the sky above us; it is sometimes serene and cloudless, and peace and love shine out from its starry depths. At other times, the gallant streamers, in wild, fantastic play, emerald and rose and orange and fleecy white, shoot upward from the horizon, mingle in a fiery canopy at the zenith, and throw out their flickering curtains over the heavens and the earth; while at other times the mustering tempest plies his lowering battlements on the sides of the north, a furious storm-wind rushes forth from their blazing loop-holes, and rolled thunders give the signal of the elemental war!

Another quality which appears to me to be very conspicuous in all Mr. Webster's speeches, the fairness and candor with which he treats the argument of his opponent, and the total absence of offensive personality. He was accustomed in preparing to argue a question at the bar, or to debate it in the Senate, first to state his opponent's case or argument in his own mind, with as much force and skill as if it were his own view of the subject, not deeming it worthy of a statesman discussing the great issues of the public weal to assail and prostrate a man of straw, and call it a victory over his antagonist. True to his party associations, there was the least possible mingling of the partisan in his parliamentary efforts. No one, I think, ever truly said of him that he had either misrepresented or failed to grapple fairly with the argument which he undertook to confute. That he possessed the power of invective in the highest degree is well known, from the display of it on a few occasions, when great provocation justified and required it; but he habitually abstained from offensive personality, regarding it as an indication always of a bad temper, and generally of a weak cause.

I notice, lastly, a sort of judicial dignity in Mr. Webster's mode of treating public questions, which may be ascribed to the high degree in which he united, in the range of his studies and the habits of his life, the jurist with the statesman. There were occasions, and these not a few, when, but for the locality from which he spoke, you might have been at a loss, whether you were listening to the accomplished senator unfolding the principles of the Constitution as a system of government,

or the consummate jurist applying its legislative provisions to the practical interests of life. In the Dartmouth College case, and that of Gibbons and Ogden, the dryness of a professional argument is forgotten in the breadth and elevation of the constitutional principles shown to be involved in the issue. While in the great speeches on the interpretation of the Constitution, a severe judicial logic darts its sunbeams into the deepest recesses of a written compact of government, intended to work out a harmonious adjustment of the antagonistic principles of federal and state sovereignty. None, I think, but a great statesman could have performed Mr. Webster's part before the highest tribunals of the land; none but a great lawyer could have sustained himself as he did on the floor of the Senate. In fact, he rose to that elevation at which the law, in its highest conception, and in its versatile functions and agencies, as the great mediator between the state and the individual; the shield by which the weakness of the single man is protected from the violence and craft of his fellows, and clothed for the defence of his rights with the mighty power of the mass; which watches, faithful guardian, over the life and property of the orphan in the cradle; spreads the ægis of the public peace alike over the crowded streets of great cities and the solitary pathways of the wilderness; which conveys the merchant and his cargo in safety to and from the ends of the earth; prescribes the gentle humanities of civilization to contending armies; sits serene umpire of the clashing interests of confederated states, and moulds them all into one grand union;—I say Mr. Webster rose to an elevation at which all these attributes and functions of universal law,—in action alternatively executive, legislative, and judicial; in form successively constitution, statute, and decree,—are mingled into one harmonious, protecting, strengthening, vitalizing, sublime system; brightest image on earth of that ineffable Sovereign Energy, which, with mingled power, wisdom, and love, upholds and governs the universe.

THE CENTRAL IDEA OF HIS POLITICAL SYSTEM.

Led equally by his professional occupations and his political duties to make the Constitution the object of his profoundest study and meditation, he regarded it with peculiar reverence, as a Covenant of Union between the

members of this great and increasing family of states; and in that respect he considered it as the most important document ever penned by the hand of uninspired man. I need not tell you that this reverence for the Constitution as the covenant of union between the states was the central idea of his political system, which, however, in this, as in all other respects, aimed at a wise and safe balance of extreme opinions. He valued, as much as any man can possibly value it, the principle of state sovereignty. He looked upon the organization of these separate independent republics—of different sizes, different ages, and histories, different geographical positions and local interests—as furnishing a security of inappreciable value for a wise and beneficent administration of local affairs, and the protection of individual and local rights. But he regarded as an approach to the perfection of political wisdom, the moulding of these separate and independent sovereignties, with all their pride of individual right and all their jealousy of individual consequence, into a harmonious whole. He never weighed the two principles against each other; he held them complementary to each other, equally and supremely vital and essential.

I happened, one bright starry night, to be walking home with him, at a late hour, from the Capitol at Washington, after a skirmishing debate, in which he had been speaking, at no great length, but with much earnestness and warmth, on the subject of the Constitution as forming a united government. The planet Jupiter, shining with unusual brilliancy, was in full view. He paused as we descended Capitol Hill, and unconsciously pursuing the train of thought which he had been enforcing in the Senate, pointed to the planet and said,—"Night unto night sheweth knowledge;" take away the independent force, emanating from the hand of the Supreme, which impels that planet onward, and it would plunge in hideous ruin from those beautiful skies unto the Sun; take away the central attraction of the Sun, and the attendant planet would shoot madly from its sphere; urged and restrained by the balanced forces, it wheels its eternal circles through the heavens."

HE CONTEMPLATES A WORK ON THE CONSTITUTION.

His reverence for the Constitution led him to meditate a work in which the history of its formation and adoption should be traced, its

principles unfolded and explained, its analogies with other governments investigated, its expansive fitness to promote the prosperity of the country for ages yet to come developed and maintained. His thoughts had long flowed in this channel. The subject was not only the one on which he had bestowed his most earnest parliamentary efforts, but it formed the point of reference of much of his historical and miscellaneous reading. He was anxious to learn what the experience of mankind taught on the subject of governments in any degree resembling our own. As our fathers, in forming the Confederation, and still more the members of the Convention which framed the Constitution,—and especially Washington,—studied with diligence the organization of all the former compacts of government,—those of the Netherlands, of Switzerland, and ancient Greece,—so Mr. Webster directed special attention to all the former leagues and confederacies of modern and ancient times, for lessons and analogies of encouragement and warning to his countrymen. He dwelt much on the Amphiktyonic league of Greece, one of the confederacies to which the framers of the Constitution often referred, and which is frequently spoken of as a species of federal government. Unhappily for Greece, it had little claim to that character. Founded originally on confraternity of religious rites, it was expanded in the lapse of time into a loose political association, but was destitute of all the powers of an organized, efficient government. On this subject Mr. Webster found a remark in Grote's History of Greece, which struck him as being of extreme significance to the people of the United States. Occasionally, says Grote, "there was a partial pretence for the imposing title bestowed upon the Amphiktyonic league by Cicero, '*Commune Græciæ Concilium*,' but we should completely misinterpret Grecian history, if we regarded it as a federal council habitually directing, or habitually obeyed." "And now," said Mr. Webster, "comes a passage, which ought to be written in letters of gold, over the door of the Capitol and of every State Legislature: 'Had there existed any such "*Commune Concilium*" of tolerable wisdom and patriotism, and had the tendencies of the Hellenic mind been capable of adapting themselves to it, the whole course of later Grecian history would probably have been altered; the Macedonian kings would have re-

mained only as respectable neighbors, borrowing their civilization from Greece, and exercising their military energies upon Thracians and Illyrians; while united Hellas might have maintained her own territory against the conquering legions of Rome.'"* A wise and patriotic federal government would have preserved Greece from the Macedonian phalanx and the Roman legions!

Professional and official labors engrossed Mr. Webster's time and left him no leisure for the execution of his meditated work on the Constitution,—a theme which, as he would have treated it, tracing it back to its historical fountains and forward to its prophetic issues, seems to me, in the wide range of its topics, to embrace higher and richer elements of thought, for the American statesman and patriot, than any other not directly connected with the spiritual welfare of man.

MAGNITUDE OF THE THEME. THE FUTURE OF THE UNION.

What else is there, in the material system of the world, so wonderful as this concealment of the Western Hemisphere for ages behind the mighty veil of waters? How *could* such a secret be kept from the foundation of the world till the end of the fifteenth century? What so astonishing as the concurrence, within less than a century, of the invention of printing, the demonstration of the true system of the heavens, and this great world-discovery? What so mysterious as the dissociation of the native tribes of this continent from the civilized and civilizable races of men? What so remarkable in political history, as the operation of the influences, now in conflict, in now harmony, under which the various nations of the Old World sent their children to occupy the New;—great populations silently stealing into existence; the wilderness of one century swarming in the next with millions; ascending the streams, crossing the mountains, struggling with a wild, hard nature, with savage foes, with rival settlements of foreign powers, but ever onward, onward? What so propitious as this long colonial training in the school of chartered government? and then, when the fullness of time had come, what so majestic, amidst all its vicissitudes and all its trials, as the Grand Separation,—mutually beneficial in its final result to both parties,—the dread appeal to arms, that venerable Continental Con-

* Grote's History of Greece. Vol. II., p. 336.

gress, the august Declaration, the strange alliance of the oldest monarchy of Europe with the Infant Republic? And, lastly, what so worthy the admiration of men and angels as the appearance of him the expected,—him the hero, raised up to conduct the momentous conflict to its auspicious issue in the Confederation, the Union, the Constitution?

Is this a theme not unworthy of the pen and the mind of Webster? Then consider the growth of the country, thus politically ushered into existence and organized under that Constitution, as delineated in his address on the laying the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol;—the thirteen colonies that accomplished the revolution multiplied to thirty-two independent states, a single one of them exceeding in population the old thirteen; the narrow border of settlement along the coast, fenced in by France and the native tribes, expanded to the dimensions of the continent; Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New Mexico, California, Oregon,—territories equal to the great monarchies of Europe—added to the Union; and the two millions of population which fired the imagination of Burke, swelled to twenty-four millions, during the lifetime of Mr. Webster, and in seven short years, which have since elapsed, increased to thirty!

With these stupendous results in his own time as the unit of calculation; beholding under Providence with each decade of years a new people, millions strong, emigrants in part from the Old World, but mainly bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, the children of the soil, growing up to inhabit the waste places of the continent, to inherit and transmit the rights and blessings which we have received from our fathers; recognizing in the Constitution and in the Union established by it, the creative influence which, as far as human agencies go, has wrought these miracles of growth and progress, and which wraps up in sacred reserve the expansive energy with which the work is to be carried on and perfected,—he looked forward with patriotic aspiration to the time, when, beneath its ægis, the whole wealth of our civilization would be poured out, not only to fill up the broad interstices of settlement, if I may so express myself, in the old thirteen and their young and thriving sister states, already organized in the West, but, in the lapse of time, to found a hundred new republics in the valley of the

Missouri and beyond the Rocky Mountains, till our letters and our arts, our schools and our churches, our laws and our liberties, shall be carried from the Arctic circle to the tropics; “from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.”

VIEWS OF THE PRESENT.

This prophetic glance, not merely at the impending, but the distant future, this reliance on the fulfilment of the great design of Providence, illustrated through our whole history, to lavish upon the people of this country the accumulated blessings of all former stages of human progress, made him more tolerant of the tardy and irregular advances and temporary wanderings from the path of what he deemed a wise and sound policy, than those fervid spirits, who dwell exclusively in the present, and make less allowance for the gradual operation of moral influences. This was the case in reference to the great sectional controversy, which now so sharply divides and so violently agitates the country. He not only confidently anticipated, what the lapse of seven years since his decease has witnessed and is witnessing, that the newly acquired and the newly organized territories of the Union would grow up into free states; but, in common with all, or nearly all, the statesmen of the last generation, he believed that free labor would ultimately prevail throughout the country. He thought he saw that, in the operation of the same causes, which have produced this result in the Middle and Eastern States, it was visibly taking place in the states north of the cotton-growing region; and he inclined to the opinion that there also, under the influence of physical and economical causes, free labor would eventually be found most productive, and would, therefore, be ultimately established.

For these reasons, bearing in mind what all admit, that the complete solution of the mighty problem, which now so greatly tasks the prudence and patriotism of the wisest and best in the land, is beyond the delegated powers of the general government; that it depends, as far as the states are concerned, on their independent legislation, and that it is of all others a subject, in reference to which public opinion and public sentiment will most powerfully influence the law; that much in the lapse of time, without law, is likely to be brought about by degrees, and gradually done

and permitted, as in Missouri, at the present day, while nothing is to be hoped from external interference, whether of exhortation or rebuke; that in all human affairs controlled by self-governing communities, extreme opinions and extreme courses on the one hand, generally lead to extreme opinions and extreme courses on the other; and that nothing will more contribute to the earliest practicable relief of the country from this most prolific source of conflict and estrangement, than to prevent its being introduced into our party organizations,—he deprecated its being allowed to find a place among the political issues of the day, north or south, and seeking a platform on which honest and patriotic men might meet and stand, he thought he had found it, where our fathers did, in the Constitution.

It is true that, in interpreting the fundamental law on this subject, a diversity of opinion between the two sections of the Union presents itself. This has ever been the case, first or last, in relation to every great question which has divided the country. It is the unfailing incident of constitutions, written or unwritten; an evil to be dealt with in good faith, by prudent and enlightened men, in both sections of the Union, seeking, as Washington sought, the public good, and giving expression to the patriotic common sense of the people.

Such, I have reason to believe, were the principles entertained by Mr. Webster; not certainly those best calculated to win a temporary popularity in any part of the Union, in times of passionate sectional agitation, which, between the extremes of opinion, leaves no middle ground for moderate counsels. If any one could have found, and could have trodden, such ground with success, he would seem to have been qualified to do it, by his transcendent talent, his mature experience, his approved temper and calmness, and his tried patriotism. If he failed of finding such a path for himself or the country,—while we thoughtfully await what time and an all-wise Providence has in store for ourselves and our children,—let us remember that his attempt was the highest and the purest which can engage the thoughts of a statesman and a patriot,—peace on earth, good will toward men; harmony and brotherly love among the children of our common country.

And, O my friends! if among those, who,

differing from him on this or any other subject, have yet, with generous forgetfulness of that which separated you, and kindly remembrance of all you held in common, come up this day to do honor to his memory, there are any who suppose that he cherished less tenderly than yourselves the great ideas of Liberty, Humanity, and Brotherhood; that, because he was faithful to the duties which he inferred from the Constitution and the Law, to which he looked for the government of Civil Society, he was less sensible than yourselves to the broader relations and deeper sympathies which unite us to our fellow-creatures, as brethren of one family and children of one heavenly Father,—believe me, you do his memory a grievous wrong.

PERSONAL CHARACTER.

This is not the occasion to dwell upon the personal character of Mr. Webster, on the fascination of his social intercourse, or the charm of his domestic life. Something I could have said on his companionable dispositions and habits, his genial temper, the resources and attractions of his conversation, his love of nature, alike in her wild and cultivated aspects, and his keen perception of the beauties of this fair world in which we live; something of his devotion to agricultural pursuits, which, next to his professional and public duties, formed the occupation of his life; something of his fondness for athletic and manly sports and exercise; something of his friendships, and of his attachments warmer than friendships,—the son, the brother, the husband, and the father; something of the joys and sorrows of his home,—of the strength of his religious convictions, his testimony to the truth of the Christian Revelation; the tenderness and sublimity of the parting scene. Something on these topics I have elsewhere said, and may not here repeat.

Some other things, my friends, with your indulgence, I would say; thoughts, memories, which crowd upon me,—too vivid to be repressed, too personal almost to be uttered.

On the 17th of July, 1804, a young man from New Hampshire arrived in Boston, all but penniless, and all but friendless. He was twenty-two years of age, and had come to take the first steps in the career of life at the capital of New England. Three days after arriving in Boston, he presented himself, without letters of recommendation, to Mr.

Christopher Gore, then just returned from England, after an official residence of some years, and solicited a place in his office, as a clerk.

His only introduction was by a young man as little known to Mr. Gore as himself, and who went to pronounce his name, which he did so indistinctly as not to be heard. His slender figure, striking countenance, large dark eye, and massy brow, his general appearance indicating a delicate organization,* his manly carriage and modest demeanor arrested attention and inspired confidence. His humble suit was granted, he was received into the office, and had been there a week before Mr. Gore learned that his name was DANIEL WEBSTER! His older brother,—older in years, but later in entering life,—(for whose education Daniel, while teacher of the Academy at Fryeburg had drudged till midnight in the office of the Register of Deeds), at that time taught a small school in Short Street (now Kingston Street), in Boston; and while he was in attendance at the commencement at Dartmouth, in 1804, to receive his degree, Daniel supplied his place. At that school, at the age of ten, I was then a pupil, and there commenced a friendship, which lasted, without interruption or chill, while his life lasted; of which, while mine lasts, the grateful recollection will never perish. From that time forward I knew, I honored, I loved him. I saw him at all seasons and on all occasions, in the flush of public triumph, in the intimacy of the fireside, in the most unreserved interchange of personal confidence, in health and in sickness, in sorrow and in joy; when early honors began to wreath his brow, and in after-life through most of the important scenes of his public career. I saw him on occasions that show the manly strength, and, what is better, the manly weakness, of the human heart; and I declare this day, in the presence of Heaven and of men, that I never heard from him the expression of a wish unbecoming a good citizen and a patriot,—the utterance of a word unworthy a gentleman and a Christian; that I never knew a more generous spirit, a safer adviser, a warmer friend.

Do you ask me if he had faults? I answer, he was a man. Do you again ask me the question? Look in your own breast, and get

* Description by Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee, "Webster's Private Correspondence," i. 438.

the answer there. Do you still insist on explicit information? Let me give it to you, my immaculate friend, in the words which were spoken eighteen hundred years ago to certain who trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others,—

"Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee and the other a publican.

"The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

"I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

"And the publican standing afar off would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God, be merciful to me a sinner.

"I tell you, This man went down to his house justified rather than the other." . . . LUKE, 18: 10-14.

He had some of the faults of a lofty spirit; a genial temperament, and a warm and generous nature; he had none of the faults of a grovelling, mean, and malignant nature. He had especially the "last infirmity of noble mind," and had no doubt raised an aspiring eye to the highest object of political ambition. But he did it in the honest pride of a capacity equal to the station, and with a consciousness that he should reflect back the honor which it conferred. He might say, with Burke, that "he had no arts but honest arts;" and if he sought the highest honors of the state, he did it by transcendent talent, laborious service, and patriotic devotion to the public good.

It was not given to him, any more than to the other members of the great triumvirate with whom his name is habitually associated, to attain the object of their ambition; but posterity will do them justice, and begins already to discharge the debt of respect and gratitude. A noble mausoleum in honor of Clay, and his statue by Hart, are in progress; the statue of Calhoun, by Powers, adorns the Court House in Charleston, and a magnificent monument to his memory is in preparation; and we present you this day, fellow-citizens, the statue of Webster, in enduring bronze, on a pedestal of granite from his native state, the noble countenance modelled from life, at the meridian of his days and his fame, and his person reproduced, from faithful recollection, by the oldest and most distinguished of the living artists of the country. He sleeps by the

multitudinous ocean, which he himself so much resembled, in its mighty movement and its mighty repose; but his monumental form shall henceforward stand sentry at the portals of the Capitol,—the right hand pointing to that symbol of the Union on which the left reposes, and his imperial gaze directed, with the Hopes of the country, to the boundless West. In a few short years, we, whose eyes have rested on his majestic person, whose ears have drunk in the music of his clarion voice, shall have gone to our rest; but our children, for ages to come, as they dwell with awe-struck gaze upon the monumental bronze, shall say, Oh, that we could have seen, oh, that we could have heard, the great original!

Two hundred and twenty-nine years ago, this day, our beloved city received, from the General Court of the Colony, the honored name of Boston. On the long roll of those whom she has welcomed to her nurturing bosom, is there a name which shines with a brighter lustre than his? Seventy-two years ago, this day, the Constitution of the United States was tendered to the acceptance of the

people by George Washington. Who of all the gifted and patriotic of the land, that have adorned the interval, has done more to unfold its principles, assert its purity, and to promote its duration?

Here, then, under the cope of heaven—here, on this lovely eminence—here, beneath the walls of the Capital of Old Massachusetts—here, within the sight of those fair New-England villages—here, in the near vicinity of the graves of those who planted the germs of all this palmy growth—here, within the sound of sacred bells,—we raise this monument, with loving hearts, to the statesman, the patriot, the fellow-citizen, the neighbor, the friend. Long may it guard the approach to these halls of council! long may it look out upon a prosperous country! and, if days of trial and disaster should come, and the arm of flesh should fail, doubt not that the monumental form would descend from its pedestal, to stand in the front rank of the peril, and the bronze lips repeat the cry of the living voice,—“Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!”

On the Influence of Variation of Electric Tension as the Remote Cause of Epidemic and other Diseases. By Wm. Craig. (John Churchill). Pp. 436.

This important contribution to epidemiological literature is an endeavor to account for endemic and epidemic diseases by other causes than those to which they are usually attributed. Some theorists favor the pestilential exhalations caused by the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, as the cause of those diseases; others are disposed towards the presence of animalculæ in the atmosphere; others to the spread of fungi; Mr. Craig is inclined to look to the electrical condition of the air as the source whence to look for explanation. The treatise opens with an admirable chapter, in which it is argued with much force that electrical power and nervous power are identical; this done, the agencies which operate on the human body to produce diseases are discussed in turn; after which (descending to particulars) certain cases are examined in which diseases are shown to have arisen in situations where there are no marshes. The chapters which follow this take for their argument the variations of electric tension as the cause of cholera, yellow fever, and plague, and, in further support of the argument,

it is shown that where there are great facilities for evaporation, and consequently a considerable and constant variation of electric tension (as on board a ship) there is a tendency to pestilential diseases. One of the main conclusions sought to be established in this work is that abstraction of nervous power, caused by a low state of electric tension (which may proceed from a variety of causes), produces enervation of the capillary system, and inverted action of the bowels—in other words, cholera. This disease prevails in all countries, but is most frequent and virulent in countries within the torrid zone. It is also shown that yellow fever and other diseases prevail where the state of electric tension is low. We cannot pretend to have given this important work all the careful examination and consideration which it really merits; but we can say that a perusal of it induces a belief in the weight of the considerations urged, and enables us to recommend it to the examination of those interested in such speculations. The only point upon which we feel inclined to offer a little advice to Mr. Craig merely affects his style. Surely, it cannot be necessary when discussing a grave, scientific question to indulge in such high-flown and stilted writing as too frequently disfigures the pages before us.—*Critic*.

From The Boston Daily Advertiser, 12 Aug.

COPLEY'S PICTURE.

THERE is no moment of the English Rebellion which marks more precisely the contest between the king and the Commons than that in which the king put himself face to face with the Speaker of the House of Commons;—when the Speaker refused to comply with the king's demand. The answer of Mr. Speaker Lenthall to that demand,—“I have, sir, neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here,”—has become the familiar epigram to express the rights of parliamentary bodies, and the responsibilities of their officers. The conclusion of the interview—which was the virtual triumph of the assembly,—foreshadowed the issue of the great conflict of which it was the type: and, if Stuarts could have learned any thing, the king might have learned from it the lesson which would have saved his crown.

The incident has, therefore, all the grandeur and critical interest which are demanded for a great historical picture. Mr. Copley certainly made a most happy selection of a subject when he determined upon this great national event, for his greatest historical picture. It is better fitted for his purpose than any other of the subjects which were proposed between him and Alderman Boydell when the design of a picture from the Revolutionary history was first entertained. The other subjects were—“The assassination of Buckingham,” “King Charles signing Strafford's death-warrant,” “The five impeached members brought in triumph to Westminster,” “The Speaker thanking the sheriffs for protecting the impeached members,” “The House of Commons visiting the army on Hounslow,” “The six aldermen of London visiting Monk,” “The Lord Mayor presenting a gold cup to Monk,” “Monk conducting the excluded members back to Westminster Hall,” and “The King's escape from Hampton Court.” Many of these subjects are, it is true, critical subjects, but no one of them presents so naturally the leaders of both the great parties: nor does either of them suggest so well as this the character of the struggle. This picture is the picture of prerogative meeting popular right. None of the other pictures were painted. It is somewhat curious that in Cunningham's edition of Pilkington's Diction-

ary, they are all mentioned among Copley's works. They were suggested, but never even designed.

The event in constitutional history thus commemorated is now of equal interest in the history of two great nations. Indeed it is of even more interest to America, which never forgot the great lessons of constitutional government for which the “five impeached members” were that day contending, than to England—whose historians for a hundred years vilified the memory of the great constitutional leaders of that day; and has not yet fully learned how to do them honor. It is intimated, indeed, that a dislike in that island to the sentiment of a picture which sees a king driven to checkmate by the resistance of a pawn, has been the fortunate reason why this admirable picture should be transferred from the gallery of a tory chancellor to decorate the free library of a Puritan city, founded by those Puritans who that day met the king and foiled him.

The principal figures in this picture are nearly half the size of life. The interest of the picture, of course, centres in the figures of King Charles and of the Speaker. The King stands on the lower step of the Speaker's chair, listening to Lenthall, who is kneeling before him, and uttering the epigram, which states the rights of the House and the duty of the Speaker. Prince Rupert and a group of other loyalists are on the left of the picture, as it were supporting the King. The leading members of the House, flung together by the excitement of the scene in a picturesque confusion, fill up the centre and right of the picture, around and behind the kneeling figure of the Speaker.

The composition of the whole, including so many different figures, seems to us singularly happy, and shows that Copley excelled in a very difficult effort of his art, in which we have so few opportunities to judge of his power. The coloring, with all the effects rendered possible by the gorgeous ornament of St. Stephen's Chapel and the showy costume of the fashion of those days, is brilliant in the extreme; but it is wonderfully well toned, and in no degree gaudy. The faces of fifty-eight figures are portraits studied with all the artist's well-known skill from authentic portraits of the day. The detail, as we need hardly say, of costume and other accessory, is worked up with that wonderful accuracy

and skill at which we are always wondering in the same artist's pictures of our great grandfathers and grandmothers. Some of the figures bear the marks of study from portraits, in the stiffness of their posture. Some figures, historically insignificant, take a prominent place, difficult to account for. But the whole effect is extremely good; the different parts of the pictures are well harmonized, and a distinct impression given of the important scene.

We cannot but respect the loyalty to Puritanism, which taught Copley to paint such a subject, in 1791, in a city and at a time where Puritanism was not popular. It is clear enough that in the picture he did not mean that the "Thorough party"—or as we now say "the Tories," should have the best of it. But we do not feel that injustice has been done the king. The face,—not so swarthy as we think of Charles generally,—is very handsome. There is just the least aspect of irresolution,—as why should there not be on the face of the man who acted as Charles did that day? The attitude is still firm,—as if he still retained the posture which he took when he bade the Speaker deliver the offenders. But the face shows almost a smile,—so complete is the king's appreciation of the wit and courage of the Speaker's reply.

Lenthall's face is admirable,—his gesture animated,—and these two pictures tell the story.

If Rupert seems insignificant,—so does Cromwell. But these men were not, on that day, insignificant men. For the rest—the excitement, and intense interest of the whole group is such as we hardly remember in any other picture of this class.

It is the habit of the English critics to speak of Copley as having the excellences of West and his demerits. We are compelled to say that we have had no composition of West's on this side of the water, which bears any comparison with this, either in conception, in composition, or in detail.

We must call attention to the exquisite *hands*—introduced by the painter undoubtedly in full consciousness of his skill in drawing that member so much abused in portraiture. Byron says, in one of his letters, that he knows his friends' hands as well as their faces. But very few artists give us hands which we can recognize, and the tendency of the conscious inability is to hide them behind drapery.

Copley,—as we all know,—drew hands beautifully, and in all the crowding of his characters here, he has succeeded in introducing nearly forty hands—with almost as many varieties of expression.

The picture is a very noble present to our Public Library. It is now on exhibition at Williams and Everett's. The morning light is the best for it.

Since it has arrived here, we have more than once heard the question from young people, whether Copley painted any other historical pictures. This is only because none of his compositions of this class have left England before. Several engravings from his pictures are well known here. A thoroughbred Boston gentleman, of the very best school would once have hardly felt at home in eating his dinner, if the fine print of Copley's Victory of Camperdown did not hang behind him,—the portly Duncan stepping down the deck to receive the sword of the unfortunate De Winter. "Eli and Samuel," also well known in old collections, is by Copley. Most Cambridge boys remember that in the "Corporation-Room," in University Hall, both these pictures hang, with Brook Watson rescued from a shark,—and, we believe, the Death of Lord Chatham, both by Copley. It is in reference to an engraving of this last well known picture that the amusing trial took place, when Lord Kenyon, who presided, professed total ignorance of the subject. "The knowledge of the fine arts," said he, "doubtless adds to the value of human life,—but this source of enjoyment has unfortunately never been open to me." Fourteen engravers swore that the print in question was a fine one. Fourteen painters swore it was detestable. Erskine cross-examined Bartolozzi, the chief of the engravers. He tried to make him confess that this print, which was the matter of action, was grossly inferior to another executed by himself.

"Do you see, sir," said he, "in your own print, the youngest son of Lord Chatham, in a naval uniform, bending forward with a tear in his eye, and a countenance displaying the agony of an affectionate son, on beholding a dying father; and do you not see in the other print an assassin, with a scar upon his cheek, exulting over the body of an old man whom he has murdered?"

The painting of Chatham's death is in the National Gallery.

Besides the pictures we have named, Copley painted the Siege and Relief of Gibraltar, now in Guildhall; Maj. Pierson's Death, in defending the island of Jersey; and the Resurrection.

He planned and began a picture of the battle of Trafalgar. But he did not complete it,—and, we believe, painted no other historical pictures.

Copley was born in this town, July 3, 1737. He acquired his skill as an artist here, without foreign instruction,—went to Italy, after he had painted most of the portraits by which he is best known here, in 1774,—and in 1776 removed to London, where he died in 1815. His son, who bears his name, is the venerable Lord Lyndhurst, who also was born in Boston in 1772.

From The Spectator, 9 July.

CHURCH'S HEART OF THE ANDES.

THE picture now exhibited at the German Gallery in Bond Street, No. 168, by Mr. Frederick Edwin Church, an American artist, is a truly remarkable work. It is about to be copied by an eminent English line-engraver. Those who study the Old Masters, only to repeat their works, entirely miss the spirit of the lesson, and act in diametrical opposition to the Masters themselves: they regarded the works of their predecessors as examples, not of what a work should be, but of the manner in which a real life-long apprentice in art studies nature. The Americans are without any accumulation of ancient pictures; their "old masters" have not been powerful leaders; but that there is an inborn vigor in their genius is shown by the manner in which some of them have taught themselves. Church is a fine specimen of the rising school. Barely thirty years of age, he must have bestowed great part of his life in the labor of practical painting in order to learn the use of the pigments; he has also spent a long time in making studies from nature. He begins a series of studies for a picture a year or two before he intends to paint the work itself. For the picture before us, some two years ago he spent months under a tent in the mountain passes of the Andes; and he has thus been enabled, with great labor of thought and hand, to fix upon the canvas one of the grandest and most beautiful scenes upon which the eye could rest.

The spectator is supposed to stand upon the

side of a mountain, somewhat high up; the only indication of the immediate foreground is a projecting bough beneath his feet, standing out in sober distinctness against the more brilliant and distant scene. Immediately on the right hand he sees into the woody glade; to the left, further off and lower down—far below the crag on which the spectator stands—is the bridle-path by which he may be supposed to have reached the height, backed, as it turns away out of the picture, by a mass of foliage which forms a sort of side scene. In the half distance, yet further down, is the bottom of the valley formed of ground so broken that the meandering river falls in many a cascade and rapid; the precipices and hills on either side, however, looking, from the distance, mere inequalities in the surface. In the vast distance beyond rise hills parallel to the one on which he stands; in the midst of them may be seen, like a thread, the first cascade by which the river issues from the mountain. All this portion is beautifully wooded, is bold in its outline as Alpine scenery, as softly clothed as the lands of our own island, and as rich in vegetation as if it had been cultivated by some giant landscape-gardener. As the opposite hills rise, they become by degrees barer of trees and more craggy, until at last they become heights towering far above our European Alps, their pinnacles competing with each other to reach the sky, and going on, for miles upon miles, peak beyond peak, above the region of the clouds.

The earliest difficulty in a picture of this kind is to represent the effect of space. The scale of the work is necessarily so small,—although here it is probably some twelve or fifteen feet broad,—that the mountains would diminish to hills and the precipices to mere banks a few inches high. Church belongs to a natural school which has emulated the præ-Raphaelites in the matter of fact and minute handling of details; and here the foreground is painted leaf for leaf, almost blossom for blossom, a task which would at first seem as hopeless as painting the seabeach pebble for pebble, and shell for shell. Another difficulty lies in the general greenness: the foreground is green,—the half distance is green,—the further distance beyond, as the hills rise, is green. But a keen sight, a discriminating mind, and a well-trained hand, have enabled him so accurately to copy the finest transi-

tions of shade and color, the most delicate compounding of neutral tints, that although the eye seems lost in a sea of greenness, and travels onwards scores of miles, every portion of the composition is as distant as it is in nature; while the many careful gradations give all the effect of vast space. In the foreground are some of the great floral productions of South America, and a few of those birds which are like flying flowers, painted with a vigor that renders them as bright as nature, but with so much harmony of tint that they do not obtrude upon the notice. The imperfection which most strikes our notice is perhaps a too general absence of the indeterminate: the leaves have too great a tendency to fall into the same form and position; every thing is too completely made out; but it is the proper fault of a true apprentice.

From The Times, July 27.

CHURCH'S "HEART OF THE ANDES."

In the exhibition of the Royal Academy this year are some North American landscapes by American painters, to which justice has not been done by the Hanging Committee. To all persons in this country who are watching with interest the progress of the arts in the new world of the West this is matter for regret. It is fortunate that, in the new and great work of Mr. Church, the first living American landscape painter (now exhibiting at the German Gallery, 168 New Bond Street), we have an opportunity of judging North American art under more satisfactory conditions than can be united on the crowded walls of the Royal Academy exhibition rooms.

Mr. Church is already known in this country by his remarkable picture of Niagara, to which we directed attention some years ago. In it he manifested extraordinary power in the vigorous and honest presentment of a scene which has been generally considered to defy the hand of the painter.

Equal power is shown in this new picture, which, as an example of the literal and minute style of landscape painting, which some critics have called "representative," others "historical," and others "topographical," has never been approached for scale and elaborateness by any work of art yet shown in this country.

The study and labor that must have been expended on Mr. Church's picture deserve to be called "colossal." Few men, indeed, would have ventured to grapple with a subject

which announces itself as the representation of one of those vast table-lands of Southern America out of which rise the majestic masses of the Andes. The picture is, in a certain sense, a generalization. The painter has ventured to bring into the compass of his large canvas objects which in strict topographical truth it could not have embraced. In order to present at once to the eye one of the enormous mountain spurs which shoot out across the valley that lies between the ranges of Chimborazo on the west and Cotopaxi on the east, together with the snow-crowned summits of one of their giant peaks, the breadth of the space that separates the central pile from either of these mighty mountains has been diminished. We are thus enabled to embrace at a glance, in the middle distance, the tableland intersected with its river, falling from level to level by a succession of cataracts; in the further distance the central mountain, made of up-piled hill on hill till the receding uplands are lost in bars of fleecy cloud; and far away, on the extreme right of the composition, the eye reaches the topmost height crowned with a half-formed rainbow; and on the left the snow-capped domes and pinnacles of Chimborazo himself, glittering in sunlight under a canopy of cloudless blue. The spectator is supposed to be standing at a considerable elevation, looking down on the river, which, after cutting its way between banks of rock, thickly clothed with such tropical vegetation as is found at the height of the tableland between Quito and Guayaquil, plunges into an abyss immediately under his height of observation. Before its plunge it forms a broad and glassy pool. Along its left bank runs the high road from Guaranda to Hambato, which brings the produce of Quito to the port of Guayaquil, and conveys the foreign goods from the later place of shipment to the interior of northern Ecuador. The scale of objects is given by a couple of figures, resting at the foot of a cross on the bank of the river. The whole foreground is a marvel of elaborate study. The banks of the river are clothed with forest trees, bright with parasitic orchids, their limbs matted with the green cordage of the lianas and wild vines, and rising from a dense undergrowth of ferns and lichens. Among this luxuriant greenery glow the gorgeous blossoms of the equatorial Flora, and the iridescent splendors of tropical birds and insects. Wandering sunbeams strike here

and there on tree-trunk and lichen, pierce the fern-clad hollows of the cliff, or kindle into foam-bows in the spray of the waterfalls. Perhaps it is in the representation of these sun freaks, and of all the incidents of the river's course, that the great pictorial skill of the painter is most strikingly manifested. But he has not sacrificed for any such details, however brilliant or tempting, the grandeur of his great whole. In so far as this is susceptible of representation by the "minute" or "topographical" method which Mr. Church follows, he seems to us to have done well nigh all that can be done by the combination of close study, a keen eye, and a most patient hand.

But many will be of opinion that no possible combination of these can reproduce the impression of a scene combining so many incidents into so colossal a whole, and that the "suggestive" or "imaginative" method alone can re-create for the spectator what the painter saw and felt under the shadow of Chimborazo. Be this as it may, Mr. Church's picture is not less a grand and a unique work. No landscape painter of our old world has ventured to grapple with such a range of nature as Mr. Church has boldly addressed himself to.

From The Literary Gazette.
A NEW VENUS.

LOVERS of Art have now another opportunity of seeing what progress America is making in Painting. Mr. Page, an American artist, who has studied some years at Rome, is now in London, and has with him his latest and largest picture, a work aiming to take a place with works of the highest class of ideal art.

The picture represents Venus guiding Æneas and his followers to the Latian shore. It is a gallery painting, Venus being of what, though a goddess, we may call the size of life. She stands on a shell, to which her doves are yoked by a thin red ribbon, and which a couple of wingless Cupids are playfully propelling. The Trojan galleys are coming up over the distant horizon and intervening sea.

The shell on which Venus stands floats on that tranquil ocean her presence always creates. Yet though tranquil it is still the sea, and its gentle motion is indicated by the easy sway given to the figure of the goddess. She rests on one foot, the other, which just touches the shell, serving to maintain her

balance. Her right arm, hanging down, casts a light shadow on the body; her left, bent upwards, points the way, while in obedience to its directions one of the Cupids is with a touch turning the shell towards the place of landing. The painter has thus, instead of the usual sculpturesque quietude of position, imparted a slight movement to the figure, and so been enabled to give something of animation without degrading the goddess into a mere woman.

Though wholly undraped, there is nothing that suggests, on the part of her who is thus represented, the consciousness of nudity. This is a rare quality in picture or statue. Only in the divine Aphrodite or the unfallen Eve is it possible. Modern artists have seldom so represented the undraped female form as to preserve this perfect unconsciousness. Even the later of the great Greek sculptors, losing sight of the divinity, gave to Aphrodite a conscious womanly shame—as when they portrayed her entering or quitting the bath. But that highest purity arising from perfect unconsciousness is the last excellence in point of sentiment, feeling, and expression which the artist can reach, and it is one which, as it seems to us, Mr. Page has attained. The thought of impurity would assuredly never cross the mind of any one looking at this picture. Yet there is no coldness in the figure. It is a living, breathing being, with the warm blood coursing under a glowing skin; a being who "fills the air with beauty," that very golden-haired, azure-eyed, Queen of Love, the "smiles-loving Aphrodite," old Homer imagined, the purple-veined Venus, Virgil might have seen in vision as the mother of his Æneas.

What we first look for in a work of this kind, a true poetic conception of the subject—the painter of this picture has, we think, evidently formed in his own mind, and to a great extent realized on his canvas. He has told his story as lucidly as on canvas such a story could be told. You feel that the conception has been fairly thought out, and earnestly and honestly rendered. The Venus is an exquisite embodiment of the ideal of beautiful womanhood—not perhaps attaining the elevation of the old Greek divinity, but approaching towards it. The drawing and modelling of the figure are very admirable. The form is full and palpitating without being voluptuous, and the position singularly graceful.

So entirely is Venus the picture, that the other parts are hardly thought of. But the two Cupids are capitably drawn and painted, light, buoyant, mirthful, and full of rosy life; though foreshortened in the boldest manner, in no way calling off attention from the principal figure to themselves.

The tone of the picture is low but rich, the flesh glowing with that inner light which is so delightful in the flesh of Titian's women—whom it is easy to see have been the glass in which Mr. Page has seen nature oftenest reflected. But with the subdued richness of the flesh-tints every other part is kept in admirable harmony,—the painter trusting, like all true colorists, to minute portions of unbroken color, light and dark, to clear up and give vigor to the prevalent demitints. The handling is large and free, yet firm; and the liquid touch and full impasto tell of the influence of long study of Venetian painting—the truest painting, as painting, the world has yet seen. Somewhat too far, indeed, in striving after the Venetian depth and sombre glow, has Mr. Page, we fancy, carried his fondness for glazing, and especially for yellow glazings. No doubt other faults and shortcomings might also be found in the picture, if it were subjected to a minute scrutiny. We, however, have no inclination for such a search. The picture is one which in these days few men would venture on, fewer so successfully accomplish, and the effort and the success deserve ample recognition. America has sent us the original painter of imaginative art we have long wished to see her produce, and we have no desire to qualify the welcome he is so fairly entitled to.

The picture, our readers may like to know, can be seen on presenting a card at the artist's temporary studio, 74 Newman Street, Oxford Street. We hope, however, to see it in some public exhibition room.

From The Home Journal.

A MORNING WITH ROSA BONHEUR.

PARIS, August 10, 1859.

By birth Rosa Bonheur belongs to France—by the rights of genius to the world.

She is the most distinguished female painter, living or dead. No other has won so wide a fame—no other built a reputation on so broad and firm a basis. Wherever art is known and talked of, Rosa Bonheur is known and talked of. In France, England, America,

Germany and the smaller kingdoms of Europe, the name of Rosa Bonheur is a household word.

At twelve o'clock on the eleventh of March we were set down at No. 32 Rue d'Assas, and passed through a gate and down to the further end of a garden, where he entered the vestibule of a small cottage-house, the present residence of Rosa Bonheur. We sent up our card, and in a few moments were seated in her *atelier*—a large, square, oaken-furnished room on the second *étage*—talking with the little painter with as much familiarity as if we had known her all our lifetime. In a clear, rather thin voice, Rosa ran on about art and art-life for half an hour, only leaving us room to slip in the points of conversation edgewise.

"You have accomplished much, mademoiselle," we said, glancing at a large picture on the easel, called "*Les Moutons*" (The Sheep).

"Yes," she replied, "I have been a faithful student since I was ten years old. I have copied no master. I have studied nature, and expressed to the best of my ability the ideas and feelings with which she has inspired me. Art is an absorbent—a tyrant. It demands heart, brain, soul, body, the entireness of its votary. Nothing less will win its highest favor. I wed art. It is my husband—my world—my life-dream—the air I breathe. I know nothing else—feel nothing else—think nothing else. My soul finds in it the most complete satisfaction."

"You have not married," we said.

"Have I not said that I married art? What could I do with any other husband? I am not fit to be a wife in the common acceptance of that term. Men must marry women who have no absorbent, no idol. The subject is painful; give me some other topic."

"You don't love society," we said.

"Yes, I do," she replied, with an air of impatience; "but I select that which pleases me most. I love the society of nature; the company of horses, bulls, cows, sheep, dogs—all animals. I often have large receptions where they are the only guests. I also like the society of books and the thoughts of great minds. I like George Sand. She is a great genius. The world has wronged her—society outraged her. Go to see her. You will like her. I have no taste for general society—no interest in its frivolities. I only seek to be known through my works. If the world feel and understand them, I have succeeded."

"Have you given the Women's Rights question any attention?" we asked.

"Women's rights!—women's nonsense!" she answered. "Women should seek to establish their rights by good and great works, and not by conventions. If I had got up a convention to debate the question of my ability to paint "*Marché au Chevaux*" (The Horse Fair), for which England would pay me forty thousand francs, the decision would have been against me. I felt the power within me to paint, I cultivated it and have produced works that have won the favorable verdicts of the great judges. I have no patience with women who *ask permission to think!*"

At this moment two or three visitors entered, and while Rosa was occupied with them, we busied ourselves by making notes of things in the *atelier*.

On the wall to the left of the entrance was a head of a buck with long, branching horns; one of a goat, another of a bull; an imperfect skeleton of a horse, and the skins of various animals. At the further end of the room stood a large oaken case filled with stuffed birds of all sizes and descriptions, and on the top of it, in a perfect state of preservation, were an eagle, a hawk, an owl and a parrot. On the wall, *en face* the door, were a pair of landscapes representing a storm rushing between the rocks, and clouds breaking on their tops. The third and fourth walls were taken up with the busts of horses, cows, sheep, dogs, cats, wolves, etc., in bronze and plaster, modelled by Rosa's own hand. All about the waxed floor were spread out the preserved skins of cows, bulls, stags with their great uplifted horns, and bears, goats, sheep, dogs, and wolves with their fierce eyes glaring upon us.

The impression these wild pieces of carpeting made on us, on entering the *atelier*, was almost startling. It seemed more like a den of wild beasts than the *atelier* of a lady.

After a short flirtation with the parrot, which spoke tolerable French, we took our leave, promising to meet Rosa at the School of Design for Women on the next Friday, where she goes once per week to give a lesson. This school was founded by Rosa's father. At his death she became its sole mistress, but now entrusts it mostly to the care of her sister and brother. There are about fifty regular pupils who receive instruction gratis.

Rosa Bonheur has many proofs of the reward of industry. If she wished to make a small fortune in a few days it would be easy for her to do it in England, by opening there an exhibition of her pictures and sketches. "*Marché aux Chevaux*" (The Horse Fair), which was exhibited at Williams and Stevens' a year or two ago, and which was so well received by the New York press, was bought by Mr. Gamber, an English editor, for forty thousand francs. When Rosa visited England she was received like a princess.

America also paid, the last year, ten thousand dollars for a "View in the Pyrennes"—one of her least known pictures.

A rich Hollander, visiting her *atelier* recently, offered her a thousand crowns for a small sketch that she could have painted in two hours. "It is impossible to comply with your request," she said, "I am not inspired."

Mademoiselle Bonheur is below the medium height of woman; in appearance about thirty-five years; *petite*, with quick, piercing blue eyes, and brown hair, worn short and parted on the side, like a boy's. Her dress was a brown alpaca skirt *sans* crinoline, with a blouse jacket of black cloth. She looked very boyish.

Mademoiselle also has an *atelier* in the country, where she spends much time. When in the city she wears the costume of her sex; but never ventures outside the barrier except in her masculine gear.

There are many anecdotes in circulation about the little painter. One day, when she returned from the country, she found a messenger awaiting to announce to her the sudden illness of one of her young friends. Rosa did not wait to change her male attire, but hastened to the bedside of the young lady. In a few minutes after her arrival, the doctor, who had been sent for, entered, and seeing a young man (as he supposed, from the costume), seated on the side of the bed, with his arm round the neck of the sick girl, thought he was an intruder, and retreated with all possible speed. "Oh! run after him! He thinks you are my lover, and has gone and left me to die!" cried the sick girl. Rosa flew down the stairs, and soon returned with the modest doctor, who said he did not wish to intrude.

On another occasion, mademoiselle had tickets sent her for the theatre. She had

an important picture in hand, and continued at the easel till the carriage was announced. "Yes," said Rosa, "*je suis prête*;" and away she went to the theatre *comme la*. A fine gentleman in the next box to hers looked at her with surprise, turned up his nose, affected great disgust, and went into the vestibule to seek the manager. Having found him, he went off in a rage:—

"Who is this woman in the box next to mine, in an old calico dress, covered with paint and oil? The odor is terrible. Turn

her out! If you do not, I will never enter your theatre again. It is an insult to respectable people to admit such a looking creature into the dress-circle."

The manager went to the box, and in a moment discovered who the offensive person was. Returning to the fine white-gloved gentleman, he informed him that the lady was no less than Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the great painter.

"Rosa Bonheur!" he gasped. "Who'd have thought it? Make my apology to her. I dare not enter her presence again."

REFORM YOUR CALENDAR.

SUGGESTION BY A SPORTING M.P.

THE sages who took to remodelling France,
By their famed 'Ninety-two spick-and-span
Constitution,

To a new tune thought fit to set Chronos his
dance,

That the Calendar, too, might have its revolution.

For the old-fashioned names that the months
long had borne,

From Rome's gods and Rome's numerals
cobbled together,

More natural titles they vowed should be worn
From the crops of the year and the changes
of weather.

Winter's months should be "Snowy" and
"Rainy" and "Blowy;"

And the Spring months be "Sprouty" and
"Flowery" and "Leasy;"

The Summer three, "Harvesty," "Hot," and
"Fruit-growy;"

The Autumnal ones, "Vintagy," "Foggy,"
and "Freezy."*

Now that fashions of France all so widely extend,
From her Crinolines down to her Omnibus
system,

Why not our months' heathenish titles amend,
And, like those French sages, to some mean-
ing twist 'em?

There's August for instance—who cares for
Augustus?

Were't not better re-christened "the month
of the Grouse,"

In compliment due to the moor-fowl who thrust
us

Hard working M.P.s from the Parliament
House?

* Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose; Germinal, Floréal,
Prairial; Messidor, Fervidor, Fructidor; Vendé-
miaire, Brumaire, Primaire.—See French Revolu-
tionary Calendar.

Then September—with Mantons and Eley's
wire cartridge,

And well-broken pointers the stubbles to
range,—

Instead of seventh month, call it, "month of
the Partridge,"

And the whole sporting world will exult in
the change.

And so with October; reminder how pleasant

Of delicate *roti*, and bloody *battue*,

Were the month but re-christened "the month
of the Pheasant,"

Instead of a name that means "Eighth," and
ain't true.

So methinks we might go the whole round of
the seasons,

And christen the months by the sports that
they boast;

So that all on their faces might carry the reasons
Why a man's at his pleasure, and not at his
post.

—Punch.

TEACHING THE BLIND TO READ (ON MOON'S SYSTEM).—The Society commenced in Edinburgh two years since, for the purpose of teaching blind persons to read in their own homes, and for supplying them with books, has, we understand, continued to prosecute its efforts with much success. Not only have most of the blind in Edinburgh been more or less taught to read, but those of Dundee, Montrose, Brechin, and Perth have recently had the knowledge of Moon's system communicated to them by one of the Society's teachers. Everywhere the unexpected boon of the power to read for themselves has been received by the poor blind with delight; and in the places just mentioned, kind friends were not found wanting to keep and raise the necessary funds. In less than six weeks thirty-two persons were taught to read, many of them with fluency.

EXACTION.—The Lawyer's claim when the
Action is over.

From The Saturday Review, 27 Aug.
CENTRAL ITALY.

THE proceedings of the Italian states appear thus far to have been conducted without a single mistake. The highest in rank and wealth have, by the free choice of their countrymen, been enabled to prove themselves the first defenders of the national dignity and independence. The list of speakers and leaders in the Tuscan Assembly forms a sufficient commentary on the insolent assertion that Liberalism in Italy was confined to secret societies organized for anarchical purposes. Mr. Disraeli borrowed the phrase from the cant of the absolutist police, and he has several times reproduced it, in the hope of proving his minute acquaintance with the recondite springs of foreign transactions. It was always the Austrian and Neapolitan custom to affect ignorance of any opposition except that of real or imaginary revolutionists and desperadoes. By this time, however, Mr. Disraeli must be convinced that men like Gino Capponi and his colleagues are not in the habit of swearing each other to secrecy by torchlight over a bowl of blood. Even Lord Normanby can scarcely persist in regarding the unanimous expression of Tuscan feeling as a mixed product arising from Sardinian intrigue and domestic terror. The natural leaders of the people, not content with proclaiming the freedom of their country, have adopted all the means within their reach for securing it against foreign dictation. They have placed at the head of their forces the most famous of Italian soldiers, and, above all, they have resolved, if possible, to form part of a state which may henceforth vindicate its own position in Europe. The three duchies, united with Lombardy and Piedmont, would form a territory sufficiently considerable to exclude all pretext for interference on the part of France or of Austria.

Against the accomplishment of so reasonable a project not an objection can be urged except the family interests of the deposed princes, the natural antagonism of Austria, and the purely selfish opposition of France. It is idle to discuss the merits of dynasties which are deliberately rejected by their former subjects. The Tuscans had abundant reason to complain of their Grand Duke, but it is enough to know that they have deposed him from the throne. The difference between the petty tyrant of Modena and the respectable regent of Parma is not material to the political question. The absurd demand that an exception should be made in favor of an infant prince because his mother is a sensible lady scarcely admits of serious discussion. If family tendencies are to be considered, the little duke must suffer for the sins of a father whose assassination was held by all men to

be excusable, and of a grandfather—once the Don Giovanni of Lucca, and now a private gentleman—who well knows that the best act of his reign was his abdication.

The Emperor Napoleon may be influenced by several motives in his opposition to the formation of a North Italian kingdom. The hasty promise, given, under an urgent need of peace, at Villafranca probably represents itself to his mind as an honorable obligation. He may consider that the supremacy of France in Italy will be weakened by the creation of a native Power; and it is even possible that he may still intend to establish a branch of his family at Florence. The patriotic leaders in the duchies wisely act for themselves, without waiting for a sanction which is in itself more probable than a previous permission. If they are defeated in their object, they will at least throw on their imperious patron the responsibility of rendering impossible that national existence which lately served as the nominal pretext for a sanguinary war. The Emperor of the French may claim all reasonable attention to his wishes, on the ground that the emancipation of the Duchies was originally rendered possible by the entrance of his army into Italy. On the other hand, the people had a right to take advantage of any opportunity, and if they are able to defend themselves against the unassisted efforts of their late rulers, no foreign Power is justified in a forcible intervention.

The progress of events has simplified the question of entering the Congress as far as the English Government is concerned. Lord John Russell rightly declared that, as a preliminary condition, the great Powers must recognize the decision of the duchies as to their own internal government; but the resolution to annex themselves to Piedmont was not ostensibly contemplated in the course of the Parliamentary debate. If Tuscany had either received back the House of Lorraine, or selected a foreign prince as the successor of her late ruler, Lord John Russell would have acted in conformity with all precedent by treating the new dynasty as established and legitimate. The formation of a new state by the agglomeration of neighboring districts is, according to the theory of public law, a more serious proceeding. It is highly necessary to maintain a right of protest which may at some future time serve as a precedent for discountenancing the aggrandizement of a preponderating Power; yet, as a general rule, it is the policy of England to multiply the number of substantive states at the expense of insignificant principalities which are unable to provide for their own defence.

Notwithstanding the visible leaning of English statesmen, the maintenance of Parma or of Tuscany is not only useless, but undesirable.

ble. The increase of the Piedmontese monarchy was the only desirable object likely to be furthered by the war, and the principal blunder of Lord Malmesbury consisted in the stupid pertinacity with which he denounced Count Cavour's salutary ambition. Lord Palmerston and his colleagues, even if they wish to promote the objects of the Italian patriots, may reasonably doubt the readiness of any other Great Power to concur in their views. It is hardly worth while to enter a Congress with the certainty of being outvoted; and if the union is, in fact, effected, the new state may be recognized without waiting for the consent of any other government. Mr. Canning established a precedent of independent action when he sent Ministers to the South-American Republics in defiance of the remonstrances of Austria and Russia, and at the risk of a serious misunderstanding with France. If the occasion arises, the English Government ought at the earliest moment to recognize Victor Emmanuel as king of a territory extending to the border of the Roman States. The king himself will probably act most prudently in meeting the invitation of the different assemblies with a provisional and yet cordial acceptance.

The great, and perhaps fatal, difficulty concerns the Legations, where both the Emperors agree in the policy of restoring the mean and hateful tyranny of the Pope. The provisional government at Bologna seems to be acting with the same remarkable firmness and moderation which have distinguished all the Italian leaders of the present day. The Red Republican auxiliaries of Rome and Vienna are required to leave the country, and Gavazzi

will once more have to astonish English country towns, instead of complicating a great national movement by an unseasonable schism. Unfortunately, the immovable master of Central Italy still remains at his post, and the patriots are legally in the position of insurgents against a *de facto* government. Pius IX., who has always maintained that it is unlawful for the Father of the Faithful to engage in foreign wars, reserves the right of shooting and riding down his own disobedient subjects. In 1849, he stormed Rome with French arms, ravaged the Adriatic coast with Austrian forces, and for further security he crowded his southern provinces with invaders from Naples and from Spain. It appears that he is now, under the patronage of his Imperial allies, about to use his own flag, and that amongst other recruits, he has enlisted many of the disbanded mercenaries who have recently been sent away from Naples. Even if he considers himself able to dispense with foreign auxiliaries in the field, the French garrison will keep his capital in submission; and finally, there is too much reason to fear that violence and wrong will triumph under the name of religion, over free and noble aspirations. It is doubtful, however, whether the oppression of the Roman States will prepare the way for a foreign invasion of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma. In any case, it may be hoped that the English Government, if it is unable to prevent the reconquest of the Legations, will abstain from all participation in the demand or concession of so-called reformers. It is not worth while to enter on a Congress in the hope of converting a dungeon into a sanctimonious model prison.

"THE LAWS OF LIFE," by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. These lectures are remarkable for their vigorous good sense. . . . They were delivered to an American audience, and are rather more elementary in their common sense than would be presented to English women, who, as regards the knowledge and practice of the common laws of health, are better informed, or, at least, more careful in the practice of sanitary punctualities than the fair Americans. To take care of their health has become a duty which England has got into the habit of expecting;—delicate health has ceased to be interesting in

young ladies, and even in novels the heroines are very sparingly indulged with consumption;—if the heroine-of-all-work is allowed to be a little ill after a great stress, endurance, and hard times (just to prove that she is but mortal), she is expected to recover, and to be as well as ever again, to be married or made a martyr, as the case may be;—the general taste is decidedly against fancy death-beds and interesting funerals. Mrs. Blackwell's "Laws of Life" are to be recommended to the perusal of all who have not already taken the truths inculcated into their life and practice.—*Athenæum*.